

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



SEPTEMBER 16, 1957

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1957
Volume 7, Number 12

Acknowledgments on page 17

COVER: CARMEN BASILIO
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Carmen Basilio, the best welterweight in the world, challenges Ray Robinson for his middleweight title on September 23, in what promises to be the year's best fight. For a preview of it, plus Robert Riger's illustrations of the strategy with which Basilio expects to win, see page 18.

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BIG NEWS IN CONTRACT BRIDGE

CHARLES GOREN, introduced by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, joins **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** staff and presents his 10 new commandments of bidding

THE VELVET HAND

It is Carmen Basilio's left, and it should beat Robinson, says MARTIN KANE

SPECTACLE: MUDLARK IN BLIGHTY

Up and down with England's hardy trade drivers, IN COLOR

A CHAMPION IS ON THE WAY

WHITNEY TOWER sounds tomorrow's racing heroes, today's 2-year-olds

NATIONAL SINGLES CHAMPIONS, 1957

Alfred Gibson accommodated history—Malcolm Anderson made it

END OF AN AREA

The Dodgers may be dead now, but "wait till next year." By DICK YOUNG

ONE MAN'S ARSENAL

On the eve of the hunting season ED ZEAL picks 10 best guns

PART II: GOD'S LITTLE UNDERWATER ACRE

CLARE BOOTH LUCE concludes her odyssey of discovery in a colorful new world

POUR LE SPORT

A fashion scoop from Paris: boutique clothes with a SPORTING LOOK

BONNIE PRUDDEN'S FUN & FITNESS COURSE

In the seventh of her series, she presents EXERCISES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK

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123 COLLEGE SCOUTING REPORTS

SEPTEMBER 16, 1957

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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Bill Cox Sr., 44-year-old Darren Conn skipper, teamed with son Bill Jr., brother Connor, aboard his speed. **Big Zigger** won two races, finished well up in three of four to easily capture International Lightning Class title in Long Island Sound at Millers, Conn.



Wilward L. Simpson, Republican governor of Wyoming, firing at Lander, Wyo. one-shot partridge hunt, got spectacular results: first his bullet, hit brought him at daybreak from 300 yards to take down two hawks, help state in overall place in team standing.

RECORD BREAKERS

Adrian Barry, 31-year-old, stylish 6-year-old brown pouter, swept quickly across track from autumn season to all the way in four-day race at Belmont. (1) Harvey, captured \$1,000 first prize to win 1985 Tourist Trophy (2) as biggest money winner in horse race history by running career total to \$104,450 Sept. 7.

Takeshi Yamazaki, Japanese distance swimmer who collected two silver medals at Melbourne Olympics, swam through 800-meter freestyle in 2:03.5 at international championship in Tokyo, smashed Ford 500's 20-year-old world mark by over five seconds Sept. 6.

Takashi Ishimoto, silver medalist for Japan at Melbourne, captured 100-meter butterfly title in same meet with world-record clocking of 1:01.2, bested Al Wagner former mark by .3 second Sept. 6.

TENNIS

Melvin Anderson, 22-year-old Australian though unheralded, emerged, upset Dick Steen, from Davidson on way to title, then stunned top-seeded professional Arthur Cooper in straight sets, 10-5, 5-1, 4-6, to win U.S. singles championship, add from brother (loser in Asian-bracket game) (see page 12).

Allen Robinson, 20-year-old Washington champion from Pacific, trained self-styled "venomous" in ranking Dwyer Knabe in semifinals, turned on old rival Louie through final round, 6-3, 6-2, to capture women's single title.

BOXING

Gene Patterson, Utah's bull-rushing former middleweight champion, captured Patterson Family Night before home-town crowd in West Jordan, national TV gathering, by knocking out 10-round division over once-famous Chris Yeager. On same card middleweight Louie Dea finished his opponent with KO in first round while welterweight brother Jay completed his triad with second-round knockout. Victoria rider brother Gene looked forward against IBF "pretender" beat with winner of Haines-Baldwin title match on Sept. 23.

Off-again-on-again heavyweight fight between quick-handed, quick-legged Willie Patterson and Ray

focus on the deed . . .



KISSING wife Miralotte, Ray Ickes, son of late Harold Ickes, congratulates her on winning National Women's Open title.

Burns, 19-year-old St. Louis, Tenn. school teacher, set back over job odds, due to fighting spirit, scored indefinite postponement that time when Team returned out, pitched out.

Melvin Irving Thompson, upon trying of California board, marked down in Los Angeles Lady finished Friday, September 10, Arroyo, who had been playing losing trade south of the border, broke his father before in Mexico Arroyo, getting one last fight in under the wire, took a 10-round division from Alfredo Cota before a disappointing crowd of 2,167.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, playing without injured Mickey Vernon, staggered unimpressively toward American League pennant by splitting eight games at Chicago White Sox, seemingly resigned to second-place fate, won three, lost three, remained 1/2 game back Boston Red Sox had five week, winning six of seven games, strengthening hold on third.

Milwaukee Braves won three straight from lowly Chicago Cubs, then blew four of five, saw "first-place" lead shaved to 1/2 game over determined St. Louis Warren Spahn, Braves' mound ace, won 4th straight of career, most ever recorded by National League left-hander.

HORSE RACING

Eddie Aron, middleweight for first time ever at Del Mar, gave Rah to John Vada Pacific nation-encouragement at through stretch to win by length and beat over Duvaloid in \$64,000 Del Mar Futurity. Stunning victory established the brown colt as Coast's top 2-year-old (see page 17).

Willie Brack, having down hard on Aron's record of 40 under wins, moved one closer by guiding Judy's Niche's L.T. Folia to winner's circle in \$10,000 World's Pregrained Stakes at Atlantic City. Sad-prizing Willie, who is now seven behind Aron's record: "He was quite a while in over his last stride, but he's started to move."

Reinhart, owner of 10-year-old 3-year-old Gelfert Mart, announced that he will enter Laurel International on November 11, thus setting up possible showdown with Texas Keri's Round Table, another likely entrant.

continued

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FISHING with wife Kay on St. Lawrence, Wellerworth Champion Carmen Basilio (see page 18) boats catch of northern pike.



BASEBALL TODAY

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SCOREBOARD

continued



Sonny Workman, elegantly dressed, real estate owner, better known to racing fans as leading jockey of early 1930s, winner of 5,100 races, almost \$3 million, was elected to Jockey's Hall of Fame along with Ted Atkinson, Walter Miller (see page 40).

TRACK & FIELD

Yuriy Sapozhuk, Russia's world-titled bidding high jumper, with "bottle of the high up above" by out-barring contemporary Igor Khatkhaturov, Armenia's Konstantin Shabanov with height of 4 feet 11½ inches out of all Paris Games. Shabanov wore special homemade "bait trap" device on take-off when he could do no better than about 4 feet for third place behind Khatkhaturov, 4 feet 7½ inches. The games were 1½ days apart. In Moscow, who lost 100-100 in dash to Germany's Manfred Gerner. 15-foot Pole, Jozef Jurek, who lost 14 feet 5½ inches, Long Nasty, who finished well back of Germany's Günther Kernke in 500-meter final.

AUTO RACING

Spring Meet, Britain's colorful, bidding dandies, pushed for Vauxhall through Monza track's tightly banked curves, gave Argentina's Juan Fangio its Monte Carlo driver beating on 2nd Grand Prix of Italy race. Meet averaging 120 mph high over the 10 1/2-mile circuit, defeated Fangio for several straight years, won second place in world rankings with total of 25 points. Argentinian, who had already absorbed world 5th, finished with season total of 40.

MILEPOSTS

TURNING PROFESSIONAL Rev. Robert Eugene Richards, 46-year-old husband of world's only mother who has twice won Olympic title, cleared 15 feet over 100 times. These times won national double championships, but years have seen the Knight's retirement by taking position as sports director of 1,000 Old Company of California. Paul the Flying Doctor, who for years has been working with high school children on the moral and spiritual value in athletics, will now have set work sports show. "There will be a study a continuation was television of what I have been doing."

SCORE To Archie Moore, 40th, hitting high heavyweight champion, and with whom, their first child, forward boxer Leta Mae, in San Diego. Ag line Archie had previously asked for two weeks postponement of title fight dated for Sept. 20 with Tony Arzoo, planning difficult in surrounding with 5 weeks more.

100th Dr. Leuchtrous Olsen Louis Wallack, 1, forced 75-year-old former high-weight boxer and doctor who brought the best of his day but never captured six wins title through career that included 150 bouts between 1900 and 1921, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

continued



GOOD START in warmup for international tuna match made by So. Africa's J. G. Nel (left) with catch of 340-pound bluenose.



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SCOREBOARD

continued



Karen Hantke, rule 11-year-old from San Diego, dethroned Glynneth Thomas with all-round power 6-3, 6-10, 6-2 in final round, replaced Maureen Connolly in recent book by becoming youngest winner ever to win U.S. Girls' Lawn Tennis title, at Philadelphia.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

PHIL HILL Santa Monica, Calif. 500 mile Road America race in 4:08.30 in Feltner (Elbert Lee) W.

BASEBALL

LOMAIN OHIO 12-8 over Phil Wicks Neil Armstrong Southern Federation title First Match
SWENEN TEXAS 4-4 over Earl Wayne, Neil Armstrong Wichita Kans.

BOATING

HERB BLAKE Shelter Island YC. and Wood Point championship Shelter Island N.Y.

BOXING

JIMMY CARTER 10-round decision over Mickey Rothcup lightweight Hollywood Calif.
JIMMY LUCHE 6-round TKO over Freddie Mack, light heavyweight St. Nick's N.Y.

GOLF

GARDINER DICKINSON Phoenix City Fla. Inverness City Open with 272 for 72 holes Wetherfield, Calif.
EDGUS FORD Mahopas N.Y. Westchester PGA title with 128 for 36 holes Audley-on-Hudson N.Y.

HARNESS RACING

GALOPHANT \$20,000 Wm. H. Skiving 11 Montreal Tux 5 m. by head in 2:07.2 S. Robert Walker driver, Rossmore Racetrack N.Y.
MOOT SONG \$20,485 Hornerman's Fairbury First Two Lm. Race, Rapid Belknap driver Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis.

HORSE RACING

PICKER UP \$101,900 Washington Park Wisp 3 mile by 3 lengths in 1:34.4 S. Chicago Wisp Steinhilber up
EGGSON \$29,960 Chicago 8 day 1 mile by 2 1/2 lengths, w/L 36 L. S. Hawthorne Chicago S. C. Cook up
TELA 100M \$10,750 Sporting 3 m. by neck in 1:36.5 Belmont Park N.Y. Willie Boland up

SHOOTING

S. GAT MICHAEL MIERDORFFER Nashville Cordis, N.Y. Nat. Service Rifle title with 736 of 750, Camp Perry Ohio

STEEPLECHASE

ORAD Foulsham National Cup 3 miles 19 jumps, by nose in 5:48.4 S. Jan 16th Md. Patrick Smithwick up



TWO ENDING comes for Johnny Saxton in fight with Joe Mirrell. At 27, the welterweight may now "be retired" by manager.



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baseball X-RAY



ERRATIC YANKEES' first doubleheader loss of the season came last week against the sixth-place Dodgers as George Kell (left) got three hits and knocked in four runs in the first game and Connie Johnson (right) struck out 14 men to win the second.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

TEAM LEADERS

This Week (8-11 to 9-7)	Season	Home	Week	Batting	Season	Home	Pitching					
AMERICAN LEAGUE												
Chicago	3-2	314	83.54	7	Fox	357	Fox	370	34	Finney	16-30	
Detroit	5-2	314	68.67	7	Belling	333	Kalene	293	Maxwell	23	Brenning	17-9
Boston	5-3	625	75.82	13	Jennison	331	Williams	278	Williams	23	Brewer	15-31
Baltimore	4-4	556	65.20	7	Rail	348	Road	311	Franklin	20	Johnson	13-9
Cleveland	3-7	500	66.69	6	Wertz	368	Woodling	313	2 tied with	23	Wynn	14-36
New York	4-5	444	66-51	3	Simpson	365	Marble	268	Marble	34	Starkweather	13-4
Washington	3-5	375	52-33	4	Sweeney	357	Sweeney	350	Sweeney	26	Ramsey	11-14
Atlanta City	0-6	000	50-34	3	Ward	384	Smith	300	Zenzel	20	Morgan	9-6
NATIONAL LEAGUE												
St. Louis	6-2	667	77.39	7	Evers	394	Massey	380	Musall	29	2 tied with	13-8
Cincinnati	6-4	620	76.67	14	Robinson	382	Robinson	325	Grube	20	Lawrence	14-13
Philadelphia	5-4	576	65-52	13	Morris	345	Ascan	327	Ascan	29	Saunders	19-8
Brooklyn	5-4	554	77.60	10	Fairlie	432	Fairlie	365	Sander	37	Snyder	14-8
Pittsburgh	5-5	556	68.66	7	Brookins	418	Brookins	399	2 tied with	18	Thurfield	17-6
Pittsburgh	5-5	508	53-53	6	Freese	429	Greif	327	Thomson	19	Friedel	31-17
New York	4-5	444	66-51	12	Mays	347	Mays	313	Mays	37	Gardner	34-12
Chicago	2-8	298	51-43	3	Neenan	333	Whitely	294	Banks	31	Gault	32-11

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to September 7)

BEST		WORST	
Batting (AL)	Williams, Bos. 316	Barnett, Wash. 258	
Batting (NL)	Musall, St. L. 340	Jennison, Phil. 212	
Home run	Sweeney, Wash. 26	Flies, Wash. 0	
Home run	Ascan, Bos. 18	Adair, Phil. 0	
Home run	Clay, LA 14	(125 AB)	
Pitching (AL)	Finney, Chi. 19-30	Stebbs, Wash. 6-18	
Pitching (NL)	Saunders, Phil. 19-8	Roberts, Phil. 9-19	
ERA (AL)	Larkin, NY 2.36	Stebbs, Wash. 5.45	
ERA (NL)	Saunders, Phil. 2.75	Waggoner, Cin. 5.49	
Complete	Finney, Chi. 16	Pedacarraro, St. L.	
Complete	(in 30 starts)	(in 16 starts)	
Complete	Saunders, Phil. 16	Kingsman, St. L.	
Complete	(in 36 starts)	(in 36 starts)	
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 143	Baltimore 78	
Team HR (NL)	Philadelphia 171	Pittsburgh 82	
Team runs (AL)	New York 648	Kansas City 483	
Team runs (NL)	Philadelphia 705	Pittsburgh 519	
Team hits (AL)	New York 3,374	Kansas City 3,087	
Team hits (NL)	St. Louis 3,354	Chicago 3,136	

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Total Runs Batted to	Produced
Marble, NY (305)	135	57	172
Marble, Chi. (303)	86	19	165
Sweeney, Wash. (208)	96	63	154
Jennison, Bos. (285)	76	14	148
Fox, Chi. (301)	98	49	147
NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Total Runs Batted to	Produced
Ascan, Phil. (322)	390	79	180
Mays, NY (323)	394	60	164
McPherson, Phil. (296)	301	66	157
Hodges, Bos. (280)	85	66	151
Musall, St. L. (340)	79	68	143

THE NOOBIES

Rating	Home Runs	Runs Scored	Teammates Total Runs Batted to	Produced
Batting	Baker, NY 291	Brooklyn Phil 209		
Home Runs	Held, KC 16	Brooklyn Phil 15		
Runs Scored	Wain, Cin 65	Brooklyn Phil 72		
Pitching	Fischer, Chi 6-7	Saunders, Phil 17-4		

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COMING EVENTS

SEPT. 13-SEPT. 22

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All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

FRI, SEPTEMBER 12

- Baseball**
 - New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 7:55 (Metrom)
 - (Ametrom)
 - Global World Series, Detroit (through Sept. 13)
- Racing**
 - Fuelin' Souza vs. Randy Sandy, midgetweights, 10 m., Ipswich, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NRC)
- Car**
 - Cash Open \$40,000, Dallas (through Sept. 15), Clock Open, \$5,000, Whittier, Calif. (through Sept. 15)
- Motor Racing**
 - (Tribune)
 - The Trans-Am, \$10,000, Batavia, N.Y.
- Shooting**
 - Fort Tilden's Muggin' Lumberjack Shoot, Fort Tilden, Sept. 13, 10 a.m. (through Sept. 15)
 - Lower Rio Grande Valley White Wing Shoot, McAllen, Texas (Sept. 13 & 14)
- Water Skiing**
 - World Water Ski Tournament, Cypress Gardens, Fla. (Sept. 14 & 15, CBS-2)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

- Auto Racing**
 - 25AC 100-mile Championship Race, Indianapolis, 2:15 a.m., St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo. (through Sept. 15)
- Baseball**
 - Midwest Baseball, Brooklyn Dodgers, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (NRC)
 - New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 7:55 p.m. (CBS-TV, Metrom-radio)
- Shooting**
 - Outland National, McHenry, Pa. (through Sept. 15), Carter's Box Outland National, Newport Beach, Calif. (through Sept. 15), Inland States Trophy, Inland Empire, Calif. (through Sept. 15), North American Trophy, Lake County, N.C. (through Sept. 15)
- Racing**
 - Big Chestnut vs. Jack Cohen, featherweights, 10 m., Hollywood
- Fishing**
 - Soft Fishing Tournament, Harvey Cedars, N.J. (through Sept. 15)
- Motor Racing**
 - United Nations Handicap, \$100,000 2-yr-olds & up, 1:15 p.m. (Chad, Atlanta City, N.J., 2 p.m. (CBS))
 - Midwest Handicap, \$25,000, 2-yr-olds & up, 6:15 p.m., Hammond, Chicago, 5:30 p.m. (NRC)
 - Jockey Handicap, \$25,000, 2-yr-olds, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y. (Tribune)
 - National Pacing Derby, International, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- Hunt Racing**
 - Foxcatcher Hunt, Fair Hill, Md.
- Motorcycles**
 - Madison George Rally, Hiram, Ga. (through Sept. 15)
- Rodeo**
 - World's Champion, \$12,750, Pecos, Tex., 8:30 p.m. (CBS)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

- Auto Racing**
 - NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Langhorne, Pa.
 - NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Langhorne, Pa.
- Baseball**
 - Cincinnati Reds vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (Metrom)
- Football**
 - (Philadelphia - exhibition)
 - Baltimore Colts vs. Chicago Cardinals, Louisville, 2 p.m. (CBS)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

- Baseball**
 - (Metrom)
 - AS-Away Tournament, Fort Knox, Ky. (through Sept. 20)
- Racing**
 - 3-Mile Sprinting Championship Series, Larchmont, N.Y. (through Sept. 21)
- Boxing**
 - Super Heat vs. Charles Cotton, welterweights, 10 m., N.Y., 10:30 p.m. (Metrom)
- Golf**
 - Women's Trans-Mississippi, Las Vegas, Nev. (through Sept. 22)

*See local listing

continued

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COMING EVENTS

continued

Horse Racing
The Garden \$75,000 3 yr-olds 8:10 Belmont Park, N.Y.

Softball
WHSI Softball Tournament Oklawaha, Fla. (through Sept. 21)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Norfolk, Va.

Horse Racing
(Continued)
Allentown Fast Stakes \$30,000 yearlings Allentown, Pa.
Allentown Fast Stakes \$8,000 1st Allentown, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Boxing
• On Teller vs. World Atom welterweights 10 p.m. ST. Louis 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing
Norfolk County Handicap \$25,000 3 yr-olds & up 2:10 Belmont Park, N.Y.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

Auto Racing
NASCAR Camaro National Division Race, Columbia, S.C.
SCCA Continental Enduro Rally, Estes Park, Colo. (through Sept. 21)

Fishing
International Casting Tournament, Hannover, Germany (through Sept. 22)

Horse Racing
(Continued)
Lester Brown Jug Race \$75,000, Delaware, Ohio

Rodeo
Fountain Days \$5,525 Wichita, Kans. (through Sept. 22)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Manassas, Va.
SCCA Grand Prix Watkins Glen, N.Y. (through Sept. 22)

Boxing
• Arthur Haas vs. Tony Anthony light heavyweight title bout 11:30 Los Angeles 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football
(Continued) (exhibition)
Chicago Bears vs. Cleveland Browns, Chicago

Rodeo
All Star Ben Lyerlock Show & Rodeo, \$18,000 Omaha (through Sept. 22)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Auto Racing
SCCA Mustangs-Mitsubishi Chicago (through Sept. 22)

Baseball
• Cincinnati Reds vs. St. Louis Cardinals Cincinnati, 7:15 p.m. (CBS)

• Chicago Cubs vs. Milwaukee Braves, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Boating
Santa Barbara Island Race, Whiskey Sailing Trophy, Los Angeles (through Sept. 22)
Pewee vs. Cap Regatta, Unlimited Regatta, Westport, D.C. (through Sept. 22)

Football
(Continued) (exhibition)
Eugene vs. Vidamar (N) West, Texas

• Boston College vs. Navy, Boston
California vs. 1989 Berkeley, Calif.
Georgia vs. Texas (N) Atlanta

• Pitt vs. Oklahoma, Pittsburgh 1:30 p.m. (CBS)
• South Carolina vs. Duke (N) Columbia, S.C.

• Texas A&M vs. Maryland, Dallas, Texas, 4:40 p.m. (NBC)
Washington vs. Missouri (N) Nashville
Washington vs. Colorado, Seattle

(TV coverage) (exhibition)
Chicago Cardinals vs. Baltimore Colts, St. Louis

Golf
Ryder Cup Challenge Team vs. Ryder Cup team, Fort-Saint, N.Y. (through Sept. 22)

Horse Racing
The Matron \$30,000 2 yr-old fillies 8:10 Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Belgrade Handicap \$50,000 3 yr-olds & up fillies & mares 1:10 Belmont Park, N.Y.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race, North Wilkesboro, N.C.

Football
(Continued) (exhibition)
San Francisco 49ers vs. Philadelphia Eagles, San Francisco

• Detroit Lions vs. N.Y. Giants, Detroit 2 p.m. (CBS)

Golf
Watson Cup Matches Medford, Ore. (through Sept. 24)

Water Skiing
Grand National Water Ski Race, Catalina Island, Calif.



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ONE OF GOLFPOW'S GREATS,
JACKIE BURKE, JR., STUDIES IMPORTANT PUTT.



ANNOUNCEMENT:

Charles Goren is the world's leading authority on contract bridge. Beginning this week, he becomes Sports Illustrated's special correspondent on this and other card games.

Below, Mr. Goren is introduced to our readers by the famous writer, his good friend and frequent bridge companion, Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Goren has wasted no time in giving Sports Illustrated some important bridge news. On pages 16 and 17 he announces 19 changes in his celebrated bidding system.

Not all of his contributions to this magazine will be as

technical. Mr. Goren is no professorial graybeard. His sense of humor is as sharp as his mind. In our issue of October 14 he will discuss his philosophy of bridge. Thereafter, he will write every week for Sports Illustrated in an intimate, instructive and entertaining vein.

Charles Henry Goren (pictured at right) was born in Philadelphia on March 4, 1891. He was introduced to bridge while he was studying law at McGill University. His first session was disastrous. He was thoroughly trained by his opponents and laughed at by his girl. By 1931, though, he was

INTRODUCTION:



BRIDGE IS NO BREADWINNER, BUT FUN

I HAVE REALLY NO business to write a preface to these contributions of Charles Goren's to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. My only excuse is that the little I know of bridge I learnt from him. But I remain a very indifferent player. The only thing on which I can, perhaps, flatter myself is that though I never get any better, I never get any worse. For one reason and another it has been

my good fortune to play now and then with pretty well all the best players in the world, and though I have invariably lost my money to them I have enjoyed it. I have found them easier to play with than with players of my own humble class, and, needless to say, they expect you to make mistakes and, though they don't like it (you can't expect them to do that), they take it in their stride. Once Charles Goren told me in a casual sort of way that if I played an easy hand as well as I played a difficult one, I wouldn't be a bad second-class player. I accepted the mild criticism with proper modesty. I know very well what he meant. When I'm playing a hand I'm satisfied to make my contract and don't bother by a neat finesse, say, to make the extra trick or two which at the end of the session may result in a pleasant financial difference.

I am an ardent reader of the books that are written on this fascinating game. They make excellent bedside reading. They are both exciting and soothing. They enable you to bear a bad cold in the head with patience and a peremptory demand for income tax with fortitude. When I study a hand played by experts at an international tournament I am filled with envious admiration of a subtlety that I cannot hope to emulate. For instance, when North deals and after two or three

rounds of bidding realizes that West is void of clubs and consequently bids a small slam, I gasp. How did the expert know? He will tell you that it was only a matter of counting, and you are just as much at a loss as you were before.

I have read many books on bridge, if not with great profit, certainly with great interest, but there is one matter that, naturally enough, they never deal with, but now and again the ordinary player finds himself obliged to deal with it, and I, for my part, have never discovered how to do so. A good many years ago, before the last war, I had a friend staying with me on the Riviera who was a very good player. He would have been even a better player if he had not thought himself a good deal better than he really was. We were invited to lunch in Cannes and to spend the afternoon at the card table. On our way home in the car, my guest said to me: "Will you be offended if I say something to you about your friends?" "I'm sure I shan't," I answered. "They were cheating," he said. I burst out laughing. "Of course they were," I replied. "We all know that." For a moment he was stunned. "Why d'you play with them then?" he asked. "Well, you see," I said, "I like playing bridge, and it's not so easy just now to get a game. I get a certain amount of fun in watching them. I play with them a lot and I watch them carefully."

competing in tournaments and when, in 1936, he published his first book on the subject, "Winning Bridge Made Easy." Goren decided to abandon his legal career and devote his life to teaching and playing bridge.

Although Goren had moderate success during the next 13 years, it was not until 1949 with the publication of his book on point count bidding, that his name became a household adjective. Goren's point count system made him world famous. It also made him rich.

At 56, Goren is still a bachelor. Once a chain cigar smoker, he now refrains. He rarely drinks. When he plays bridge, which is now limited almost strictly to tournaments, he wears glasses. He enjoys golf, but rarely breaks 100. He hasn't missed a Broadway play in 25 years. But most of all, he is a bridge player, the only player in history who has won every major championship now in play.



IF NOT DEMOCRACY, THEN CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I know they cheat, but for the life of me, I can't see how they do it. I find it gives the game a peculiar interest."

"Well, I don't think you ought to have asked me to play with them," said my friend, I tried to placate him. "After all," I said, "we didn't lose much. They gave us double Martinis to start with, a slap-up lunch with a particularly good bottle of white Burgundy and old brandy with our coffee. At 6 o'clock they regaled us with champagne cocktails. With the cost of everything on the Riviera they can't have made anything worthwhile on balance." "But you said they were rich people," my guest said. "They are," I answered, "much richer than you or I." "Then why do they cheat?" he asked. "Because they like to win. Money doesn't come into it." My friend didn't see my point.

Of course, not everyone is as clever as the people I have been talking about. I know one lady who has a tidy mind. If her opponents had won the call and the player, after the first card was led, set out his dummy, she would say, "How untidily you arrange the cards," and would neatly place them in order. It occurred to me that her husband and partner was apt, when he got the lead, to play a card of the suit that the lady had touched first; and on one occasion, when the said partner seemed to hesitate, I murmured: "Your

partner wants you to lead a heart." This seemed to take him back. "Why d'you think that?" he asked me, with what I can only describe as a hollow laugh. "Because it's the one lead that will break the contract," I answered. He did the only thing he could do in the circumstances; he led a spade and I made the contract.

I have only one more story to tell of this kind and I have done. I happened to be sailing from somewhere in the South Seas on a tramp that took a few passengers. On this occasion there were only four of us, all men; two were brothers, the third and myself strangers. It was a long sea journey and it was a comfort to discover that we all played bridge. The two brothers asked us if we minded their playing together and, as there seemed no reason why they shouldn't, we agreed. We played in the morning, we played in the afternoon and we played in the evening. My partner and I lost fairly consistently and after three or four days I said to him: "We seem to have very bad luck." "The game's crooked," he growled. "Well, I thought it might be, but I didn't like to suggest it," I said. "Crooked as hell," he repeated.

"Well," I went on, "I don't know what we can do about it. We can't very well refuse to play with them, and besides, we've got 10 days more on board; what on earth can we do with ourselves all the time?" "There's nothing to prevent us from getting a bit of our own back if you're willing to collaborate," he said. "I don't think I quite understand," I answered. "It's perfectly simple," he explained, looking at me straight in the face. "They're a pair of crooks and we must play their game." "I don't think I'd know how," I smiled. "I'll tell you," he said. "If you have from 13 to 15 points you bid a no trump; if you have from 16 to 18 points you bid one no trump; you give me priceless information. I give you the same information if I've got the goods. Who's going to notice that in one case you've bid a no trump and in the other one no trump? Not a pair of cheap crooks like our fellow passengers. In the long run we'll skin them." I hesitated. "I'm afraid I couldn't quite bring myself to do that," I said. He shrugged. "Well, if you like to lose your money, that's your business. But why the hell should you lose mine?" He walked away in a fine temper.

... AND BIG NEWS
on the next page

MY TEN NEW COMMANDMENTS

by CHARLES GOREN

ONE DAY eight years ago, I had stopped for a cup of coffee at the counter in a Chicago railway station restaurant when a man slipped onto the stool next to mine and, in a husky, faintly accented voice which I instantly recognized, asked for a glass of milk. The man was Ely Culbertson.

"Charlie," he said kindly, "you have been doing very well as a Culbertson teacher. Why do you want to ruin yourself with this silly idea of a point count?"

A few months earlier, Ely's warning—putting my own worries into words—might have shaken me. By the time we met, however, point count had already established itself with average players and had proved its efficiency.

Until that time Ely had retained his title of undisputed czar of the world's bridge tables by the wise policy of incorporating into his system every good new idea that came along. But he failed to get the point of this new point count—the improvement that distinguished it from all the earlier point count ideas.

The realm of contract bridge has become, if not a democracy, at least a constitutional monarchy. Its kings and queens no longer possess vaguely limited powers which vary in accordance with their combines with other royalty. Each honor card wears a plain price tag: ace 4, king 3, queen 2, jack 1. The total high card value of the pack is an unvarying 40. And, most important of all, the tricky vagaries of distribution are measured with the same kind of points.

There has been so much discussion about the birth of my point count that perhaps you'd be interested to know how it came into existence.

Critics have said, "Point count isn't new," and they are right. Milton C. Work used the 4, 3, 2, 1 method of

valuing the high cards way back in the days of auction bridge—and it wasn't original with him.

Critics have also said, "There is nothing new about point count," and there they are wrong. The old point count worked well only for no-trump bidding. It was useless for suit bids because it did not take into account the power of distribution—the long suits that made high cards more valuable; the short suits that could make high cards impotent. We had to find a formula to measure these values as well.

So, with the aid of a brain trust of skilled mathematicians and expert bridge players, I sat down to study thousands of hands until I was satisfied that we had come up with point values that accurately measured the worth of a doubleton, a singleton and a void suit.

In the eight years since its introduction, point count has met every test. It is used by experts as much as by average players because it is an accurate expression of playing valuation.

However, remembering what happened to the Culbertson System when it ceased to adopt proven new ideas, I have been giving every promising innovation a careful eye and thorough try.

Within the short space of time since point count was introduced, there have been many attempted innovations. Only a few of these have met the three-fold test: Are they simple? Are they sound? Do they help players to win more often? These few have been duly incorporated into the point count method and will be officially introduced in the new edition of my book, *New Contract Bridge Complete* (Doubleday & Co., 328 pp., \$4.95, publication date, Oct. 24, 1957). Meanwhile, here is a brief preview especially prepared for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

This present article, introducing my coming weekly series, assumes—as will those that follow—that you already know the elementary principles of contract bridge and point count bidding. It is designed to bring you up to date on the very latest changes that will help you enjoy bridge more and win more.

Among the advantages these changes afford are these: a) You can now put the pressure on the opponents by making weak, pre-emptive overalls.

b) You can, in certain situations, compel partner to tell you which is his better minor suit by using the dramatic "unusual" no trump.

c) You can find out about aces and kings, even when you and your partner have been bidding no trump, by the Garber four club bid instead of the Blackwood four-five no trump.

d) You can be sure of getting to the right spot when partner opens with a no trump bid, by using the new two club conventional response.

Here's the what, the how and the why of these new tools for your arsenal.

1 A JUMP OVERCALL IS NOW PRE-EMPTIVE-WEAK INSTEAD OF STRONG



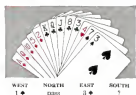
You (South, with the above hand) would like to tell your partner that you have a very good spade suit but a very poor hand for playing defensively

against the opponents. Because your hand is poor defensively, you would like to make it more difficult for the opponents to get together in their best suit. A one spade overall would do neither of these things. A three spade bid might prove too costly, especially if your side is vulnerable. Formerly, a two spade bid announced a very powerful hand.

But now we employ other means to announce strength. A jump overall may be used to better purpose as pre-emptive bid. So, in the new scheme of things, that is how we will handle it. It may succeed in keeping the opponents from getting together. Or it may, because pre-emptive bids often aggravate the opponents into rashness, goad the next player into making a bid that will involve his side in great trouble. This is apt to be the case where your partner holds a hand of considerable defensive values.

South should bid two spades.

2 AN "UNUSUAL" NO TRUMP BID CHALLENGES PARTNER TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MINOR SUITS



It begins to appear that the opponents will get to four spades and will probably make it. North and South may have an excellent save at five diamonds or five clubs. In some remote case, they could conceivably make one of these contracts. But which one? And how can South find out?

If South were to double for a take-out, his partner would naturally conclude that he was being urged to bid hearts—actually the last bid in the world South would like to hear. To make sure that North will respond in a minor suit, South resorts to the "unusual" (and artificial) no trump. North is thus requested to forget about the other major and to take his choice between clubs and diamonds.

For example, suppose North has one of these hands:

- (a) ♠54♥QJ9753♦K3♣1075
(b) ♠5♥A9875♦K765♣1062
(c) ♠K62♥KJ1053♦73♣1075

If West passes, North will bid four clubs with (a); five diamonds with (b);

four clubs with (c). Should West bid four spades instead of passing, North will pass with (a), bid five diamonds with (b), may double for penalties with (c).

South should bid three no trump.

3 A "BURST" INTO FOUR CLUBS WHEN YOUR SIDE HAS OPENED WITH NO TRUMP BID IS DEMAND FOR PARTNER TO SHOW ACES



(This has been known for some time as the Gerber Convention.) For slam bidding, and especially for hiding a grand slam, information about aces and kings is vital. The Blackwood four-five no trump bid is excellent for this purpose and is still to be used. But when an opening bid has been made in no trump, the limitations of Blackwood can be utterly frustrating. If partner has only one ace, you want to avoid bidding a slam of any kind. If he has two aces, you want to get to a small slam. If he has three aces and a couple of kings, you want to bid a grand slam. But how are you to find out?

If you bid four no trump, it is merely a raise of partner's no trump bid. If you first bid three diamonds and partner's rebid is three no trump, a four no trump bid is still merely a raise. So, you won't get the information you are after.

(It can be even more costly and exasperating if, with a different type of hand, you bid four no trump intending it as an encouraging raise of the no trump bid and your partner suddenly begins to reveal his aces; you try to get back into no trump by saying five no trump, and he then begins to show you his kings. Before you can get untangled, you are automatically in a slam.)

To make the ace-showing situation clear, with a hand like the above example, your immediate answer to the no trump bid is a jump to four clubs. This asks partner to show aces thus: No aces or all 4 (you'll always be able to tell which); four diamonds; one ace; four hearts; two aces; four spades; three aces; four no trump.

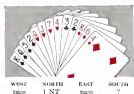
If your next bid is five clubs, you

have made the king-asking bid. Partner shows none by bidding five diamonds; one king, five hearts, etc.

This useful convention will clear the road to slams after opening bids of one, two, or even three no trump.

South should bid four clubs.

4 A TWO CLUB RESPONSE TO AN OPENING NO TRUMP BID ASKS PARTNER TO SHOW MAJOR SUIT



This bid in clubs is artificial. It does not show a club suit. It does show at least 8 high-card points and at least one four-card major suit. It requires the opener to rebid by showing a four-card major if he has one (spades first if he has both). Otherwise, the opener must rebid two diamonds. With 11 points in high cards facing an opening bid of one no trump, you want to be in game. You might bid three no trump, but partner may have bid one no trump with:

♦A J 4 3 ♥A K 5 ♦A 7 4 ♠J 7 6
At no trump, the opponents might defeat you by winning the first five or six club tricks.

The artificial two club response solves the problem. Partner shows his four-card spade suit and you jump to four spades for an easy game.

South should bid two clubs.

5 DO NOT OPEN 12-POINT HANDS AS DEALER OR IN SECOND POSITION



In the long run, you will get into less trouble if you pass any hand including fewer than 13 points.

South should pass.

continued on page 57

THE

It is Mr. Carmen Basilio's left, which Sugar Ray may find gloved in iron when the two meet at Yankee Stadium for the middleweight championship

by MARTIN KANE

"THIS IS THE BABY..."

"Right here is the one that's going to do the real damage—the left hook digging up into the body, my favorite punch.

You're got to work inside with a big man—I'm 5 feet 5½ inches, he's six foot, that's a big difference." Basilio despises "head-busters" who look as spectacularly aggressive and accomplished little.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HIGGINS

VELVET HAND

THE HANDS of Carmen Basilio are long and slender and, except for the lumps, skinned spots and bruises which are the stigmata of his fist-fighting trade, they suggest in no way the popular notion of what a fighter's hands should be like. Welterweight Champion Basilio takes extremely good care of these gentle-looking hands, padding them with foam rubber during training sessions. With them he intends to win the middleweight championship of the world from Sugar Ray Robinson at Yankee Stadium on the night of September 23.

Especially, he points out, with the left hand. Basilio is a hooker. His right hand is good, too, but it serves him primarily as a diversionary force, something to keep the opponent occupied while setting him up for a left hook. He is, furthermore, a body hooker—a truly fine fighter with the cold patience of the professional. He knows that while head shots delight the crowd, competent infighting is most discouraging to the opponent. Blows to the liver are painful, blows to the solar plexus are breathtaking, and a solid punch under the heart can make a flat-footed plodder out of a graceful, light-stepping boxer. Like, for instance, the graceful, light-stepping Sugar Ray.

This promises to be a magnificent fight. It will be a battle of champions, a good little man against a good bigger man and, so far as Carmen Basilio is concerned, a bit of a grudge battle. Sugar Ray once snubbed him. In pre-fight bargaining Sugar Ray forced him to take 5% less than Basilio felt entitled to. Then for 10 days Sugar Ray's histrionics and demands made it appear that the million-dollar fight might be off, after Basilio had spent weeks training for it, after he had passed up two \$100,000 fights to get it. Sugar Ray is in for a rough night.

Basilio has been studying movies of Robinson's fights, just as Robinson has been studying Basilio movies. He has seen a few things and he has a plan. The plan will not, however, involve any radical change in his style. Basilio is an infighter, a crowder, a buzz saw, a man who wears his opponents down and outstays them. He is master of the war of attrition.

With this kind of attack Basilio does not, generally speaking, knock out his opponents in the early rounds. Each of his two knockouts of Tony DeMarco came in the 12th round. It was not until his third fight with Johnny Saxton that he was able to put away the former welterweight champion in the second round. The first fight went 15 rounds, and Basilio lost on a mighty peculiar Chicago decision. The second ended in the ninth with Saxton knocked out.

Only when he has his man worn down with a body attack does Basilio turn to the head. Like most topflight professionals, he has contempt for the head-hunters who look so spectacularly aggressive and accomplish so little.

That will be the pattern of his fight against Sugar Ray Robinson. It is the pattern of a man who is wonderfully patient, even imperturbable, until a day or so before a fight. Then he becomes "mean." He will have something to be mean about in this fight.

It is most likely that a secondary consideration in the mind of Sugar Ray when he mounted his filibuster for a bigger share of theater television proceeds was the fact that such an act would unnervise any ordinary opponent. For nine days there was no certainty that the fight would be held at all. Most fighters would have ranted and fumed. Basilio did nothing of the sort. Announcement that the fight was off—at least temporarily—came to Carmen while he was holding three kings in a poker game at his training camp in Alexandria Bay, New York.

Ben Bentley, serving the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) as camp publicist, got the fateful phone call.

"Hold it, fellows!" Bentley shouted at the noisy poker players. "We got trouble! It looks like the fight's off."

"Oh, my God," Basilio said, but softly. "That Robinson'll have to leave the country. Well, let's go. I've got three kings showing."

While the furies raged in New York, while Norris was stricken with what appeared to be food poisoning and taken to a hospital, while Julius Helfand, the boxing commission chairman, raged at Sugar Ray and threatened to take away his title, while Sugar Ray sassed Helfand, Basilio maintained the even tenor of his training schedule, fished in the St. Lawrence River for bass and pike, and played a little poker. His managers, Johnny De John and Joe Negro, did the fuming. Basilio relaxed. His contempt for Robinson as a person is deep ("He's arrogant and I despise him") but it is quiet. It was Robinson who got excited. It was Robinson who lost 10 days of proper training, though he did work out to some extent at a Harlem gym. It was Robinson who took sleeping pills.

It was also Robinson, to be sure, who got a \$255,000 theater-television guarantee out of his tantrums to add to his 45% of the big gate and whatever is derived from movie sales and radio. But Robinson's act got Basilio a \$110,000 theater-TV guarantee to go with his 20% of gate, radio and movies. Basilio is not altogether unhappy about this.

Except for his "mean" and taciturn prefight period, Basilio is a gentle and accommodating man. He will be meaner than ever for this fight. An admirer of Robinson as a fighting machine, Basilio once approached the mighty

continued

FIGHT FACTS

- **TIME AND PLACE:** Yankee Stadium, Sept. 23, 10:30 p.m. (EDT)
- **FIGHTERS' RECORDS:** Robinson: won 143, lost 4; Basilio: won 54, lost 12
- **RADIO AND TV:** NBC radio; closed circuit theater TV in 126 cities with about 500,000 seats available.
- **FIGHTERS' PURSES:** Robinson: 45% of the gate, plus 45% of radio, movie and TV receipts. He is guaranteed \$255,000 of the TV receipts. Basilio: 20% of the gate, plus 20% of radio, movie and TV receipts. His TV guarantee: \$110,000.

VELVET HAND

continued

Sugar and bashfully held out the hand of friendship.

"Hello, Ray," he said shyly. "I'm Carmen Basilio."

Robinson looked at the fellow champion coldly, as if to inquire who this presumptuous upstart might be, then turned away, ignoring the outthrust hand. The snub will cost him a few extra licks on the night of the fight.

This is the way Basilio foresees the fight:

"During the first four rounds Robinson will be trying to take me out the way he did Fullmer in their second fight. I'll have to crowd him then. I can't give him punching room. It ought to be a fast four and I'll have to be very alert to keep from being hit too hard. But after that I'll have the advantage on him. I'm younger than he is. At 151 pounds I'm stronger than I ever was."

He intends to weigh-in at about this 151-pound level. A natural welterweight, he will be giving away nine pounds in weight and 4½ inches in height, but this does not disturb him at all.

Although he will not—and indeed cannot—change his style radically for Robinson, he has learned from a study of Robinson movies that some gambits must be avoided.

"For instance," he explained, "in my defense I'll have to remember that a low, low bob is not good against a tall man like Robinson because it gives him a chance to throw a right uppercut, and in the Fullmer fights he landed a couple that way. He has good

punching power and good leverage back here [pointing to the calf of his leg] and if he catches me coming up from a bob he can hit me with an uppercut to the pit of the stomach. If he does that it's going to hurt."

Preparing for this fight, Basilio seems to be thinking rather more of his defense than most fight fans would expect of him. Against relatively light punchers he does tend to ignore blows in order to score his own but he has the greatest respect for Robinson's punch. Working out on the speed bag, for example, he used a strange upward punch that most of those in the gym never had seen before. It's a dangerous exercise, for if he should miss the bag he would crash his fist against the steel swivel or the wooden board and perhaps break the hand. Basilio grinned when this was pointed out.

A GOOD STUNT

"I haven't missed but twice in five years," he said. "It's good exercise for keeping your hands up. You'll notice that lots of times after a few rounds a fighter will step back and let his hands drop to his sides. That means his arms are tired and he wants to give them a moment's rest. But this stunt is very good exercise for strengthening the arms."

Basilio keeps his hands up but does not hold them tight against his cheeks as Floyd Patterson does, or as Gene Fullmer did in the first Robinson fight. He holds them slightly lower and slightly away from his head—close enough to be protective but at such an angle that he can shoot a sudden hard punch when he is within range.

Basilio's rugged face gives the im-

pression that he has been punched a lot. He has, indeed, been the victim of some bad cuts about the eyes, caused largely by the fact that his brow bones jut forward and are apparently quite sharp. (Frankie Ryff, a similar victim, has recently undergone an operation to round off his brow bones so that he can return to the ring with some hope that he won't have fights stopped because of cuts.) But Basilio's face in the main is surprisingly unmarked otherwise. His prominent nose, for instance, is quite straight. No one has ever busted it in. Like any fighter, he can be hit and, like any fighter of his style, he is hit rather more often than most. But he takes these punches well. He has never been knocked out. He has been knocked down only once.

Facing Robinson, Carmen will be up against one of the great single-punch knockout craftsmen of our time. As Gene Fullmer discovered on the night he lost his brief championship, Robinson is a master at capitalizing on the opponent's errors. Sugar Ray does not need to wear his man down. He needs only an opening the size of a needle's eye. One punch can preserve the middleweight title for Robinson. One punch can force Basilio to remain king of the welterweights.

Basilio believes he can climb into the higher, more profitable division. Breaking camp at Alexandria Bay in order to complete his training at Syracuse, he was utterly confident.

This is a difficult fight to pick. But it does seem that Basilio's plan is sound, his style is right and that his gamester heart will give the middleweight division a new and very popular champion.

END

STAY CLOSE. . .



With a big man you have to stay in close, don't give him punching room, work the body. One way, though, for me to stop his long hook is just to cock my right like this (1). This low crouch (2) is characteristic of me, but Robinson may want me to do just this for his

characteristic uppercut when I come out of it. He brings it right off the floor—with power. He gets great leverage from his calf muscles. Even if I've got my face covered he might catch me in the stomach, between my elbows. This (3) is the long left hook that

QUICK, HARD. . .

When I'm inside I'll keep my combinations to the body short, quick, hard. For instance, I'll duck in fast and take his left hook past my ear. Then, depending on whether his right hand is up or down, I'll hook him twice; either I'll dig up to the stomach (1) and hook to his head (2) or I'll reverse the combination. I'll follow with a short right to the head (3).



finished Gene Fullmer in their second fight. A hard right to the body could beat it if, on the follow-through, I protect my chin with my shoulder. The simplest way for me to get close is (4) to get inside his jab and hook him. If he sends his long right to the head

(5) I'll come under it with a hook to the body. Get Inside! He tends to carry his right hand low when he throws his long right to the kidney (6). I'll try to tear inside, block it with my left and catch him on the jaw with a short right, my shoulder guarding against his hook.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Bob Isear

MUDLARK IN BLIGHTY

*British motor sportsmen are
a hardy lot who spurn pushbutton
conveniences; the hardest
of all are the drivers who tackle
steep hills with small cars*

Take a dozen or so lightweight automobiles, outfit each with a driver and passenger, turn them loose on a series of steep, slippery hillsides, and you have the jolly old English sport of mudlarking. With rear axle spinning furiously and underinflated tires straining to grip the moist slope, the driver strives to keep his fishtailing mount moving forward. The passenger, or bouncer, bobs about vigorously to concentrate weight on the rear wheels at advantageous moments. Unknowing spectators get showered with mud from churning wheels and occasionally a bouncer breaks a wrist trying to fend off a tree, but mudlarking disciples find an exhilaration surpassing any discomfort. There is nothing quite like grinding out those last agonizing yards and feeling the tires dig in at the summit. And nothing makes a pint of half-and-half taste better afterward.

The scenes on the following pages are from the Stafford Clark Cup Trials of the Kentish Border Car Club, held on the Marquess of Abergavenny's Eridge Estate near Tunbridge Wells. It was a fine sunny day, with just enough moisture under the bracken to send up a lovely spray of mud from beneath the wheels. The cars had been made especially for their work, with tubular frames, light bodywork and "unbustable" English Ford 10 engines. Five hills were attacked in the morning, each divided into 10 sections and so marked with numbered boards. On each hill a driver earned the number of points corresponding to the highest section he reached.

Lunchtime meant a convoy to the nearby Mark Cross Inn for a snack and a snooze (see page 26). And then it was back to the hills for another bash. When the mud had settled, Dave Cannon and Percy Barden were tied for the honors. They did equally well in a runoff, and since nobody had bothered to bring a stop watch for a timed run, they called it a day—a fine, back-bruising, exhilarating day.

PLUNGING down after conquering Steep Rise, Clive Quitmann and John Saunders get set for the next test





CHURNING in the goo of the Kentish hillside, these mudlarking disciples use body English (left) to increase weight on the rear wheels and maintain traction. Yet occasionally a tree jumps in the way (upper right), and sometimes slope and slop are just too much to fight (right)





BREAK after a morning's mudlarking finds cars and crews at a country inn. Behind No. 12 lies its builder and driver, Engineer Robin Rushbrook

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE PERILS OF THE WEST • PETE RADEMACHER'S SWEET
DREAMS • THE GREAT IOWA BATTLE • NOW TO WRESTLE AN
OCTOPUS • WORKMAN RETURNS • GIANTS: CLOSING HOUSE

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL

NOT SINCE the days of the Indians and the Conestoga wagons had the California Trail been so beset by perils and confusion. Los Angeles seemed just a tiny sand-hill town again, out on the edge of nowhere, its destiny uncertain, its citizens beset with doubts about their future. In Brooklyn, eyes that had acquired the westward look were lowered again to the realities of Flatbush and Ebbets Field. For all the Dodgers knew, carrier pigeons might be on the wing to California with the final news of where the team was going; in the meantime, modern communications appeared to have entirely broken down.

In the total absence of hard facts, strange discussions flourished. A Los Angeles County official revealed in tones of deepest shock that it would take \$8 million to build a stadium where the Dodgers seemed to want it, in Chavez Ravine. This, he went on, would make it impossible to build the \$6,500,000 zoo which some Angelenos preferred to National League baseball. Councilman Charles Navarro raised another question: what about mineral rights on the site of the proposed ball park? There seemed to be a largish pool of oil there; would this be Dodge property if the club moved in?

Even Mayor Norris Poulson seemed to be strangely in the dark. The best that he could tell his worried citizenry was that some team would eventually come. In San Francisco his colleague, Mayor George Christopher, was a bit more confident—after all, he had the Giants safely in the fold—but even so said unequivocally that it would certainly be better if California had two teams.

No doubt it would—and California was willing. Already the Giants had \$2 million in their pockets for pay TV in the San Francisco area, another

\$350,000 for radio rights and more than \$50,000 worth of advance ticket orders. Warming to their new-found heroes, San Francisco merchants were launching a "Say Hey! Cocktail." Giants shirts and caps and candy bars, and a Giants welcoming ball.

Brooklyn's Walter O'Malley seemed to hear neither the happy clink of coin around Nob Hill nor the worried noises of the Angelenos. He went hunting in Wyoming, and it took the cream of the Pony Express to find out where he was—which turned out, appropriately enough, to be up along the Continental Divide, at Rawlins.

Mayor Poulson promptly sent his ace negotiator, Harold C. McClellan, with a briefcase full of trading trinkets to try, once and for all, to close a deal. Obviously, the suspense couldn't last much longer. O'Malley's deadline for a decision—set by the National League—is October 1.

MOST HAPPY FELLA

AS HE LOUNGED on a bed in Manhattan's fashionable St. Regis Hotel last week, wearing his thick, warm coat of muscles and a pair of red-figured white shorts, Pete Rademacher seemed as dreamily pleased with the world as a bottle baby with a tank car of warm milk. The lumps, bruises and contusions which were his only reward for fighting Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson were gone. So, it became immediately apparent, was any psychic trauma he may have incurred. Despite the fact that Patterson knocked him down seven separate and distinct times in Seattle last month, he has decided, in retrospect, that the champion is his pigeon; furthermore, he strongly suspects that he will be able to lure that luckless athlete into the ring again to separate him from his title.

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• Milwaukee Hopes

Despite recent unpleasantness, Milwaukee is going confidently ahead with plans for a civic celebration of its first Brave pennant. Items: Lake-front fireworks on clinch night, parades when the Braves leave for the first Series game and when they return. Coming out of mothballs are the street decorations left over from the last time the pennant looked like a cinch.

• New York Plans Ahead

So far, the newest Yankee, Old Sal Maglie, has been of only minor use to the Yankees in their stretch drive, but his major usefulness lies ahead—he brings the Yankees a profound knowledge of Milwaukee batters.

• The USLTA Holds On

So far, the special committee recommended approval of an open pro-amateur tournament (and urged that it be carefully thought over) the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association hastily vetoed it. The committee found overwhelming public sentiment in favor of an Open, but a majority of the tennis fathers saw it as a dangerous and subversive idea.

• Trapping the President

Vacanting President Eisenhower took one look at the trap-pocked (133 of them) Newport Country Club and groaned. His best hole was the par-5 first, which he shot in four. After that: "Let's not talk about it."

continued

In saying this, of course, he was saying that he has decided—"under the proper conditions," and with the sanction of that curious commercial enterprise, Youth Unlimited—to go on fighting professionally. It is extremely doubtful that his proper conditions exist at present. He conferred with IBC officials while he was in New York but nothing seemed to come of it. There was at least one good reason: when Jim Norris offered him \$20,000 to



fight any one of four leading heavyweights, Rademacher assumed the promoter really meant \$50,000 and said so. But if the custodians of Madison Square Garden were critical of his sense of values, he remained placidly delighted with the whole disordered universe, including the IBC, and confident that things would go Rademacher's way in the end.

"I don't want to waste a lot of time fighting fellows I can knock out in a round or so," he said. "The IBC mentioned the No. 2 man, Zora Foley. Well, I beat him once [an amateur fight which was stopped because Foley got a bloody nose]. Eddie Machen—he's got about the same style. Willie Pastrano—he's a boxer and I like boxers; he's fancy, but he can't hurt you. That South American fellow, Alex Mitoff, could. He's more of a puncher, but I'd fight him if it had to work out that way. I had lunch with Jack Kearns too this week. I have the impression that he's thinking of something for Joey Maxim. But I have a time limit on all this—maybe a year—and my real interest is working back to Patterson."

He rolled over on his stomach and peered happily across the footboard of the bed, apparently at a glinting future. "Who can he fight—and draw any kind of a gate—but me?" he asked himself. "I was ahead of him for four rounds," he went on, giving himself a couple not included in the official score. "I know in my heart and mind that the thing that beat me was condition. I was so busy promoting the fight that I didn't have time to build endurance. Patterson's speed stunned me but he didn't really hurt me. Look at me. My shoulders got tired, though, and so did my legs. I won't fight again until I'm ready to go 10 rounds."

If there was a certain illogic about this blithe interpretation of both the past and the future, it was difficult to say so, pointedly, to a man who had just turned the most illogical concept in the history of pugilism into a full-blown championship fight. Nevertheless, it was necessary to ask the large young man on the coverlet why he thought he could beat Patterson.

"He's easy to hit," he said. "I hit him with jabs all night. If the punch that knocked him down [and Rademacher will never agree that the champion tripped] had been two inches lower the fight might have been over then. As it was, it took his feet right out from under him." But he was contrite enough about the right he threw after Patterson got up—the punch the newspapers billed as his best of the fight. "I wasn't excited at all. I'd been taught what to do and I set him up. I feinted the left and walked up on him. Do that and you can't miss with the right. But I missed—he turned his head and it just grazed him." He sat up on the bed and put his arms on his knees.

"I saw the movies of the fight yesterday. They last 21 minutes and I was sweating all over the whole time. I kept seeing openings for the right. Rademacher didn't throw it."

OF MEN AND MACHINES

IN CASE you have been worrying about the possibility that the calculating machines are imminently ready to take over from man, you'll be reassured to know that the machines are again buckering among themselves.

The latest story begins with the idea of a University of Pittsburgh publicity man named Beano Cook. He arranged for the university's IBM-650 computer to predict the results of Pitt's opener against Oklahoma on September 21. The keepers of the machine fed it a mass of data (weight and accomplishments of players, etc., etc.) on which the machine ruminated electronically, and in due course came the prediction: "Pitt by six points."

Apprised of this, Oklahoma's press agent, Harold Keith, decided to have his school's own new IBM-650, locally and affectionately known as The Idiot, make an educated guess on the same game. "Oklahoma 2 to 1," The Idiot said brightly. Oklahoma experts quickly converted this statement into a 12-6 or 14-7 margin for their team.

On statistical and scientific grounds, the Pitt people deplore The Idiot's findings. They feel that Oklahoma must have given him too much feed-back

stuff about that 40-game winning streak—overlooking the fact that a lot of players who won for Bud Wilkinson in 1953 and 1954 aren't in Oklahoma uniforms any more. But, perhaps unscientifically, the Pitts are inclined to hedge. "Even machines," sighed Harley Thronson, IBM district manager in Pittsburgh, "can be affected by local pride. If I wager, I think I'd have to bet on Oklahoma."

OCTOPUS WRESTLING

THE CHILLY WATERS of Puget Sound and other tidal inlets of the northwest coast contain the biggest octopi in the world—some of them are 15 feet in diameter and weigh 125 pounds. The skin-diver who encounters one of these monsters below the surface—even though they are rather shy creatures—almost invariably develops a burning impulse to swim away as quickly as possible. But three years ago a set of harder divers decided that this natural discretion was nonsense and that they were simply avoiding a lovely new sport—underwater octopus wrestling. Although they have pursued this curious method of exercise in what one of them calls a "blaze of obscurity" the sport has spread fast—more than a hundred divers can now boast of having pulled an octopus to the surface.

In a small way, in fact, octopus wrestling has even become a competitive sport: last May a team of divers from Oregon visited Puget Sound and engaged in an octopus wrestling meet with Washington divers in the waters off Tacoma's Point Defiance. Thirteen beaked, eight-armed monsters were hauled up and thrown into rowboats and, because it seemed more sporting, none of the divers wore Aqua-lungs. Since state law governing spearfishing forbids sticking an octopus with any sharp instrument, none of the divers was armed.

Nobody has yet been drowned wrestling an octopus and very few octopi have been harmed, since skin-divers



reast to them much as anybody else—once they have gotten an octopus into their rowboat, thus scoring a victory, they wisely throw it back into the water. Puget Sound enthusiasts consider that anybody with a little sporting blood can wrestle an octopus

continued



"Gracious! Obviously they don't count untidiness."

continued

and herewith list a few simple rules.

The beast should be brought into the open before the first hold is applied—throwing a little rock salt into its hair will bring it forth. At this point the diver begins grabbing tentacles with one hand and holding them in a bunch with the other—something like getting clothes off a line in a high wind. If the octopus fastens more than three of his tentacles to a nearby rock let him go—nothing in the world will pry him loose. If he wraps his tentacles around you don't worry—they leave no marks. But never, never let him peck you with his sharp beak. And never turn your back on him after getting him riled up. Once you have him—or he has you—just swim to the surface and you've got him licked. Actually, it's no harder than fighting your way out of a taffy pulling machine.

WORKMAN UP

ON a fall afternoon in Maryland some years ago now, a 31-year-old jockey with a face like a gnarled moon leaned down from a horse in the paddock at Pimlico and whispered to the coterie around him, "This is my last ride." And, as is supposed to happen in stories of this kind, the horse won. Thus Raymond (Sonny) Workman, back in 1940, ended his jockey career with a wisp of final glory.

This week, Sonny Workman got his name in the papers again. Along with Walter Miller (riding years: 1903-08) and Ted Atkinson (still very much up), Sonny was elected to the Jockey's Hall of Fame at Pimlico. Pic-

tures of the new members will be painted and pinned alongside those of Isaac Murphy, Earl Sande, Tod Sloan, George Woolf, Johnny Longden and Eddie Arcaro.

In case your mind borders on forgetfulness, Sonny Workman is the man who rode Equipoise, Whiccone and a garland of other fine horses while under contract to Harry Payne Whitney and his son C. V. Those were the days when Workman, besieged by a pressing weight problem, ran mornings to keep himself down to 114 and rode so hard in the afternoons that he spent eight pairs of breeches a season in straining combat. He won more than 100 stakes, 1,100 races and \$2,800,000.

Today he is three times a father, four times a grandfather, an 85 golfer and a successful businessman. In racing's floating colony, most ex-riders stay on and train horses or become officials. But Workman, who saved his money, owns a group of apartment buildings in Washington, D.C. Although his blood hair has been shredded thin by 48 years of life, his weight has climbed to only 124, most of it still concentrated in his chest.

Last week, as Workman posed for pictures, he made a quiet statement: "I don't go to the races too much anymore. When my friends are going I might send along a bet. But I don't go. I don't like crowds." And he added in the tone of a man explaining his compensating interests: "I have two daughters who are happily married. I have a son, too, Raymond Jr. He's 18."

Someone asked Workman if his son would be a jockey. "No, I don't think so. He's 6 feet one and weighs 180 pounds. He looks down at me and says, 'Hi, Daddy.' It scares me."

CLOSING NIGHT

GAME NO. 73" was the laconic listing on the ticket. But for the sentimentalists in the stands—who ranged from Toots Shor to the gauntleted motormen on hand to pilot the special subway trains after the final out—the game last Friday night was far more than that: it was the last night game that the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants would ever play against each other in the Polo Grounds.

The game was as routinely played as a spring exhibition—no ceremony, no lump-in-the-throat handshakes, no backward look at a great tradition and rivalry that dates into baseball's antiquity. The Brooklyn's Johnny Podres shut out the Giants quickly and humiliatingly 2-0 with three hits, sometimes throwing so quickly his catcher barely had time to squat between pitches.

In the right-field stands the young man with the yellow sport shirt and the bold eyes watched contemptuously. Wasn't he upset at the imminent departure of the team for San Francisco? "Me?" he snapped. "Now! Why should I be? Here's the way I look at it. If I want to go to San Francisco, I don't hafta ask Horace Stoneham. 'N' if Horace Stoneham wants to go to San Francisco and take the whole flim-flamming Giant team, he don't hafta ask me. Ya know what I mean? I mean, sure, I like the Giants, but if they're not here I'll go see the Yanks."

Farther back, three taciturn oldsters with rimless glasses and pale, wrinkled city faces sat quietly smoking pipes. They sat apart from each other and watched the game without emotion. An intruder wondered if they were holdovers from the McGraw era. The first one smiled. "No," he said carefully. "It's just a nice night for a ball game and it's the only one in town." The second shook his head. "I'm from the Willie Mays era," he responded. "I'll miss him. Not the rest of these donkeys." The third twinkled in the eyes. "I started coming here when Mel Ott played. And I guess I got in the habit. Now, I'll have to get out of it."

Finally, it was the ninth inning and Willie Mays had just struck out on three pitches. The loudspeaker sputtered. "Attention, please. At the conclusion of this evening's game, spectators will please remain off the playing field. Thank you." The remark stirred the fan in the yellow sport shirt. "Now, if that ain't a hot one," he pronounced. "Whotta they saving it for? Gonna graze cows here next year?"

A QUESTION, PLEASE, ON THE RED MYSTERY SHOE (SI, SEPT. 9)

When Stepanov and Kashkarov
Step into their shoes,
Stepanov steps high enough
To create front-page news.

Kashkarov, who has the stuff
To go as high, or higher,
Then takes off after Stepanov
With burning sporting fire.

Between the two they pierce the blue,
Twin partners to the eagle;
A stirring sight indeed to view,
But—is it strictly legal?

—PERRY KNAUTH



MAN OVERSIDE

Slinging his weight so far out over the water that he seemed perpetually about to abandon ship, Crewman Jim Hill spent five precarious days helping Skipper Lowell North hold their slick-hulled Star boat on even keel whenever they slashed to windward during the North American Star Championships at San Diego. The topside acrobatics enabled the two San Diegans to slice home first three times in five races and to beat 24 other Star boats that represented the cream of 2,000 American Stars.

John Boyer



WHAT IS EVERYBODY

... everybody, including members of the leisured public ... clusters of the rich and fashionable ... working stiffs of the press ... and a Democratic senator in disguise



CONCENTRATION HOLDS THE CROWD ALONG THE FAIRWAY



INFORMAL SENATOR JOHN KENNEDY SCANS SCENE



LOVELY MRS. JOHN KENNEDY WATCHES ATTENTIVELY



PRONE BY A SANDTRAP LIE THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS

LOOKING AT?

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY FRECKELL



JAUNTY MRS. W. G. DYER, ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, GEORGE WIDENER

ELEGANT MRS. SHELTON WHITEHOUSE HAS A POSITION IN FOREFRONT



CLUB HOST HOWARD G. CUSHING BEAMS

PRESIDENT BISHNOWER smiles his appreciation of Newport course on first day of his interrupted Rhode Island vacation.



WHY... THEY'RE
WATCHING THE
NO. 1 GOLFER

WOMEN IN THE WIND

Nothing is more eye-catching than boats well set with white sail—unless it's boats well-sailed by a tanned set of girls as in the Women's North American Sailing Championships, held on Galveston Bay in Corinthians this time, with the Houston Yacht Club as the defending titlist and host for eight regional challengers from Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Florida, Illinois, Canada

and California. After four days and eight races 24-year-old Jane Pegel of the Chicago Yacht Club and her crew of two had won in a manner deserving the approval of even the stoniest male in the sport. "The secret of sailing," said Mrs. Pegel firmly after the races, "is utmost concentration. I expect silence, as much as possible, from my crew. I don't believe you can have a lot of jabbering and win."



CANADIAN captain, blonde, Joselyn Stevens of Woodlands, tied for sixth.



CALIFORNIAN Nancy Robinson has dark good looks, steered Oakland to tie Canada.



MAINE skipper was pretty Dalene Powers, who brought Harnaseeket club in fourth.



ILLINOIS entry (above) was skippered by Mrs. Jane Pegel of Chicago Yacht Club, who wore sun protector over her nose, sailed to three firsts in eight races to claim the title.

CONNECTICUT boat placed second under handling by Skipper Phyllis Carlson (wearing corkie hat) of Rocky Point Club, Old Greenwich. Crew member is Mrs. Arthur Ransick.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT BRANDT

Refresh
without
filling...

Have a Pepsi

On or off the green, today's men and women are in great form. Their slim good looks say a lot for their sensible modern diet—for the swing in taste to lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Coke—the modern, the *light* refreshment—is right in step with this trend. Reduced in calories, today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet. At your own oasis, say "Pepsi, please". Refresh without filling!



The *Light* refreshment





Interwoven®

LUXURIOUS LAMBS WOOL AND ORLON
\$1.50 A PAIR



A CHAMPION IS ON THE WAY

*Now come the rich tests to uncover the big names
for the 1958 Derby and other great U.S. classics*

by **WHITNEY TOWER**

FIRST among the thrills of the fall racing season are the emergence and development of the sport's new potential celebrities: the 2-year-olds.

The fact about them is: after eight months of racing there is no clear-cut 2-year-old champion of 1957 as yet. The prediction: the next six weeks will produce an exciting new one.

These youngsters, just like devilish schoolboys, are a fascinating lot. The toughest to train, subject invariably to every trackside variety of childhood diseases, every 2-year-old in the country today—and there are probably over 5,000 of them in training—is nonetheless a candidate for, and therefore possible winner of, next May's Kentucky Derby. Their careers have varied greatly since late January 1. Some, having raced very early, are already on the shelf. Others, starting later in the East, in Chicago or at Hollywood Park, have won impressively one day, lost unimpressively the next. And still another group, just back from Saratoga or flexing muscles hopefully at Belmont Park, is ready to burst into action in quest of the rich stakes on the calendar during the next six weeks.

Two-year-old racing has always played a vital part in our over-all turf setup. But in the old days, following The Hopeful at Saratoga, you had a pretty fair idea of who the best young colts were, and these few survivors of a season which rarely saw any 2-year-old start before late June or early July, then battled for the championship among themselves in the Belmont and

Pimlico Futurities. Today the picture has changed. Racing goes on 12 months at over 30 major tracks (and at some 50 or more minor ones). From a track management's point of view, no major track can keep pace with progressive competition without offering huge purses and presenting a program of real variety. With more 2-year-olds in training than any other age group, it has become only natural that much of the purse money has got to go into the 2-year-old stakes. Eastern critics of western racing like to point out the folly of offering \$100,000 for 2-year-olds going six furlongs in July—a distance many New York trainers believe to be excessive before mid-August. Western tracks reply that potentially top horses can go six furlongs in July and the only way to lure them is to offer more attractive purses than are to be found in New York or New Jersey.

DIFFERENT TACTICS

From the owner's standpoint there are some obvious points that should be mentioned. Every owner would like to make some money with his horses (although a few with such extensive wide-ranging operations as Calumet, Llan-gollen and Greentree know that a year-end profit is next to impossible). Any man who can afford a race horse to bring in should be able to afford to "carry" that horse along until he's ready to race at his best form. But it doesn't always work this way. A lot of owners want the fastest possible return on their investment and, faced



ALHAMBRA. Fred Hooper's midwestern hero, is pro tem leader of the 2-year-olds.

with this self-created economic problem, will rush 2-year-olds into the starting gate at the earliest possible chance. Some win, some come close, but the tragedy of it all is that hundreds every year wind up hopelessly broken down because they never had a fair chance. Of course, there is another way to look at it. If you have a short-bred horse (who doesn't figure—on his breeding—to develop into a stayer), you're being amart rather than greedy in going after all the money you can as fast as you can. Racing early you avoid the competition you know would be coming from the big "waiting" stables and, after all, \$100,000 picked up at Hollywood Park in July is just as comforting as \$100,000 earned at Belmont in September. In the end, it's all in the way you look at it. The greedy man, as opposed to the owner of a big breeding stable, has an economic problem which

continued



FROM OUT OF JUST SUCH A MAO 2-YEAR-OLD SCRAMBLE AS THIS ONE, SHOWING 26 YOUNGSTERS FLYING DOWN BELMONT'S WIDENER

2-YEAR-OLDS

continued

he wants to solve, and in doing so he obviously contributes nothing to the future of racing because he puts out of his mind altogether the old principle that the main object of all Thoroughbred racing is to develop classic distance horses. This fellow can draw a parallel to his unfortunate contemporary in England. Over there a man can't afford to race unless he wins a big bet. Over here, some will argue, a man can't afford to race unless he wins a big pot.

To get back to some of the 2-year-olds who have made a name for themselves to date. If a standout had to be named right now, it would have to be Fred Hooper's Alhambra, who has been the star of the Chicago season. Hooper won the Kentucky Derby with the first horse he ever owned (Hoop Jr.) and last year turned up with Greek Game, who,

like Alhambra, is a son of Olympia. Being a son of Olympia hardly guarantees distance ability. Alhambra has a few questions still to answer but Hooper thinks he's the best 2-year-old he's ever owned, and both he and Trainer Chuck Parke think this brown colt will keep rolling along despite an occasional tendency to loaf at the wrong time. To hack up their convictions they have brought him to Belmont where he'll not only get the chance to meet tougher horses than he's yet faced but also to run over a deeper track, which, as many Midwesterners have found out, has often been the downfall of a Chicago summer star. One strong recommendation for Alhambra comes from Eddie Arcaro, who is his regular rider. "He's a colt with a lot of fire in him," says Eddie, "but in his only legitimate defeat (to Maine Chance Farm's Jewell's Reward in the Washington Park Futurity) he suddenly unbuckled on me at the eighth pole when I thought I

had the race won. I don't understand it. He's good, though—the best 2-year-old I've ridden this year—so far."

Picking a runner-up to Alhambra—strictly on his performance to date—is not simple. In New York and Jersey, for example, there is some remarkable inconsistency. Eleven stakes have been won by 10 different colts: Bokero U, Jester, Jewell's Reward, Jimmer, Rose Trolie, Louis d'Or, Wing Jet, Grey Monarch, Pilon and, most recently, Li'l Folla. The biggest headlines in California were made by Old Pueblo, Fleet Nasrullah and Strong Ruler, but none of the achievements of any of these youngsters—yet—would suggest that they own any claim to the title, for, after all, one or even two wins (even in a rich stake) does not qualify a horse to be classified as the best of his age. He must beat the best, and beat them with some degree of consistency.

Among the fillies there has thus far been one standout in much the same



KENTUCKY PRIDE, a Calumet hope and son of Bull Lea, won his only two starts.



TEMPLE HILL, thinks serious Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones, may be his real ace.



JESTER, from Tom Foul's first crop, was George D. Widener's Belmont spring star.



CHUTE, A NEW CHAMPION MAY EMERGE

way that Alhambra leads the colts. She is Mrs. George Zauderer's Poly Hi, who has already won six stakes in her short career. Some of her contemporaries, like Idun, Hasty Doll, Margaretta, Melody Mine, Sally Lee, Bridgework, Sequoia, Amorial, Pocahontas, Noor-deen, Polamby and Gleaming Star have not been as successful, but by the end of the fall Poly Hi will have faced some of these over a longer route, and possibly new conclusions can be drawn.

The exciting part about this 2-year-old season is that we can almost be positive that at least one very fine colt is lurking in the wings. "So little has been developed in the short stakes that we can at least hope for some development in the fall," remarked Jimmy Kilroe, racing secretary in New York and at Santa Anita, recently. "Of course there's more big money in the fall for 2-year-olds, and this makes a lot of people wait. Another thing that

continued



OLD PUEBLO, who may be the best yet from California, is son of Wasty City II.

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2-YEAR-OLDS

continued

made them wait this year was that more horses had the cough than usual."

People interested in racing 2-year-olds who can afford to wait until fall are becoming more numerous every year. By the same token, it isn't too often in recent seasons that the colts who were most highly thought of in August have held their reputations through October. Take last season as an example. Of today's leading 3-year-olds, a year ago on this date only Bold Ruler (who had established his class early in the season) was mentioned as the possible leader of his age. There was little talk of Iron Liege, Gen. Duke, Gallant Man and Round Table. But

For instance, the two best 2-year-olds at Saratoga last month may have been a couple who never won a stake: one is Greentree's Frank, the other A.B. Hancock's Nadir. Frank is another Tom Fool (whose first crop also includes George Widener's Jester), and he looked very impressive in winning his first start, although, as Jockey Ted Atkinson was quick to point out afterwards, "Don't forget he was running with other maidens and you can't tell what he'll do against top opposition. However I will say that his ability to overcome difficulties (he was almost left at the gate) reminds me of Tom Fool, and there was never any hesitation about his getting rolling. After that I could have rated him with a shoestring." Greentree Trainer John Gaver, who is

THE SLIDING SCALE

Of five top 2-year-old money winners of 1956 only one has maintained his eminence at 3. Conversely, some meager earners at 2 have run to staggering wealth this year at 3. Earnings at 2 do not mean class at 3.

HORSE	EARNINGS AT 2	EARNINGS AT 3 (through Sept. 15)
GREEK GAME	\$234,895	\$19,750
KING HAIIRAN	191,575	44,950
BARBIZON	182,985	10,650
BOLD RULER	139,850	267,775
LEALLAM	129,240	825
ROUND TABLE	73,326	424,450
CLEM	33,700	172,900
IRON LIEGE	10,795	312,625
GALLANT MAN	7,795	187,425
GEN. DUKE	2,633	139,385

there was a lot of talk about King Hairan, Greek Game, California Kid, Coboes, Prince Khaled. It would then seem that, if last season (and many other seasons too) have produced top older runners from among those who did nothing to distinguish themselves as 2-year-olds, there must surely be some hidden talent around this season too.

Some of it, as we have mentioned before, is hiding in the Calumet barns. One Calumet colt, Kentucky Pride, a Bull Lea out of Blue Delight, smothered his opposition in his only two starts. Two others, a Tom Fool colt named Tim Tam and a Citation named Temple Hill, have earned the highest praise from Trainer Jimmy Jones even before their first starts. Still another is a full brother to Mark-Ye-Well named Seventy-Six, described as a monster in size but quick on his feet. Some of the other talent isn't exactly hiding but just has been a little slow in coming to hand.

as patient a man with his horses as can be found on any race track today, likes Frank's wonderful disposition but is in no particular hurry to rush him into the tough races until he's ready. Another Tom Fool (out of Paddleduck) named Donald looks good to Gaver but, as John puts it, "He's a great big colt and is slow to come around. I think we'll probably wait with him till next year." A couple of other Greentrees worth keeping an eye on, however, are Turpidude, a chestnut son of Shut Out, and Fleagle, a son of Your Host.

Nadir must rank as the largest good 2-year-old in training. He is a bay son of Nasrullah, with a big bold eye and a good deal of his daddy's unpredictable temperament. One afternoon at Saratoga he unseated his rider on the way to the post and, once there, had the gate crew working overtime to keep him under control.

Among the other 2-year-olds who
continued on page 76

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JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY broke precedent by painting *Paul Revere* in his shirt-sleeves—a daring informality for the times. Yet both had reason to prefer the pose as it was, Revere being an ardent believer in the equality of man, and Copley delighting in light on linen.



Paul Revere, 1765-1825, by John Singleton Copley, 1774-1835



EDWARD HICKS made his reputation on only one picture, *The Peaceable Kingdom*, though he painted it over and over again in varying versions. Not satisfied with merely showing the lamb lying down with the lion, Hicks gave his customers an entire menagerie, including a tiger, a wolf, an ox, several small and fearless children, and William Penn with some tranquillized Indians in the background.



The Peaceable Kingdom, 1806-1812, by Edward Hicks, 1794-1834, oil on canvas, 18 1/2 x 25 1/2




THOMAS EAKINS was the most painstaking of painters.

To paint *Max Schmitt as a Single Scull*, he began with mechanical drawings of boats, oars and bridges. Then, using trigonometry, he placed them in proper perspective and lightly sketched in the landscape and figures. At last he was ready to paint, using thick pigment for the near lights and thin for the distant shadows, slowly building up the almost hallucinatory effect of sunlit reality by a succession of transparent color glazes.




Max Schmitt as a Single Scull, 1871, by Thomas Eakins, 1856-1916, oil on canvas, 20 x 28



CHARLES SHEELER paints on the theory that art needs no gestures, that it can be pure and silent as a frozen bird bath and still live forever. As a practicing photographer he learned that "light is the great designer." Sheeler is a paradox: neither realist nor abstractionist can claim him, for he merges their domains.



American Landscape, 1929, by Charles Sheeler, 1895-1965, oil on canvas, 20 x 28



EDWARD HOPPER paints America. In Hopper's quiet canvases, *Benishes* and *Mornings* balance. He will paint an ugly stoop and the warmth of sunlight on it, or a sooty curtain stirring with the fragrance of an unexpected breeze. The American scene is not only Hopper's one subject, but his obsession as well. He speaks of his native land on canvas, enjoying a tradition that promises to achieve new greatness in the perspective of history.



Nighthawks, 1942, by Edward Hopper, 1892-1983, oil on canvas, 29 x 40

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ALTHEA *accommodates* HISTORY

IT WAS A MATTER OF TIME. Seven years had passed since Althea Gibson, the tomboy who played paddle tennis in the streets of Harlem, became the first Negro to toe the green turf of Forest Hills. There was time to develop a powerful serve and a fine all-round game. There was time, also, for setbacks and self-doubt. Last year Althea was defeated by center-court jitter and Shirley Fry in the women's final at Forest Hills.

But Althea's career was taking the course that tennis history almost seemed to require. This July, playing confidently, she won the loftiest of women's titles, the Wimbledon singles, and came home to a Manhattan parade. Next she won the U.S. Clay Court title. Duly seeded first among the women in the 77th United States Lawn Tennis Association championships, she returned to Forest Hills fully, and almost serenely, aware that she was the star. She was a star in her own right; a chaotic and depleted men's division further insured her singularity. Keeping the pressure on her opponents from the start, she disposed of Karol Fageros, Elizabeth Lester, Sheila Armstrong, Mary Hawton and Dorothy Knode without losing a set.

Last Sunday, concededly the finest woman player in the game, again upon the verge of claiming the highest tennis honor this nation has to offer its women, Althea Gibson strode onto the center court to meet the former U.S. and Wimbledon champion, Louise Brough. And this time Althea accommodated history, defeated the blonde Louise 6-3, 6-2 and joyously claimed her trophy from Vice-President Richard Nixon. "I hope to wear my crown," she said, "with dignity and humility."



ANDERSON *makes* HISTORY



MALCOLM JAMES ANDERSON, whom Althea Gibson would find hard to outdo in humility, is a gaunt and knobby 22-year-old from the cattle country north of Brisbane, Australia. Thrust into the limelight by the departure of Hoad and Rosewall to professional tennis—but not so far as to be seeded at Forest Hills along with his countrymen, Ashley Cooper and Neale Fraser—Anderson confounded nearly everybody by outplaying Cooper in the brilliant singles final 10-8, 7-5, 6-4. This despite ill health early in the year, a subsequent sunstroke and the recent painful and annoying loss of a big toenail.

To be sure, Anderson had dumped Dick Savitt (seeded No. 2) and Sweden's Sven Davidson (No. 3). Still, the word before the final was, "Ash always cools Mal." On Sunday Anderson cooled Cooper (No. 1) to become the first unseeded player in history to win the Nationals. To do so, he gave what the U.S. Davis Cup team captain, Bill Talbert, called "the finest exhibition of ground strokes at Forest Hills since Gonzales in 1949."

Anderson now looks forward to a rest back home in Queensland, where he owns a herd of 100 Herefords. "I want to come back next year," he said. "When I do, I'll probably lose my title." But don't bet on it.

REFLECTIVE sadness seems mirrored on faces of Campanella and Reese, looking back along pennant-strewn trail of many seasons. This year Campy is hitting a mere .247 and stringing Reese only .229.



END OF AN AREA

by **DICK YOUNG**

Whether or no they will still be contenders, in California or Flatbush, the Dodgers of tomorrow will be wearing a new look

THERE are two points of puzzlement about the Dodgers. One concerns where they will play baseball in years to come; the other, how. There is a growing belief that whichever town inherits the team, be it Los Angeles, Queens, some more obscure part of Long Island, or just plain little old

downtown Brooklyn, it will be getting a stinker.

The rhetorically inclined are using words like "dismantlement of a dynasty." The funny ones refer to it as the end of an "area," and they unflinchingly place quotation marks around area, to insure against charges of illiteracy.

No matter how cleverly phrased, the insinuation is clear. The greatest of Dodger teams has had it. For the first time in 12 years, the perennial pennant favorite is out of the NL race during the month of September. The team which won six flags in that time and in post-season playoffs was beaten out

of two others has, all at once, been devoured by age.

It will be years, the pessimists add, before the Dodgers are heard from again. The organization has dry rot at the roots. Only the rich legacy from Branch Rickey's time has carried the club since he left, anyway. The present regime rode the momentum of Rickey's driving genius, until now, seven years later, they were compelled to go it on their own—and flopped.

COMPATIBLE TRIO

Three men run the Dodger organization. It is a uniquely compatible triumvirate. Walter O'Malley, president, occupies himself at present with conferences with mayors, city councilmen, park commissioners and past presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers. This leaves the actual operation of the ball club to the vice-presidents: E. J. Bavasi, 41, (the E stands for Emil, which is why he is called Buzzie), and L. F. Fresno Thompson, 35.

O'Malley installed this dual directorship upon assuming command of the club after the 1950 season. The duties of each were well defined: Bavasi to run the big club, Thompson to direct the farm operations. From that day, the two executives have guided the fortunes of the eminently successful Dodger organization in complete harmony. At least, no gunshot wounds have been reported.

It is at them, then, that the criticism is directed. It is they who are accused now of having ridden Rickey's coattails until the material wore out.

Is the criticism justified? Are the Dodgers on the descending crescent of the cycle, or was this year merely an off season? The dual directorship prefers the latter interpretation.

"If we made a mistake," claims Bavasi, "it was in letting this team grow old on our hands. We could have sold a lot of the stars long ago, but we chose not to. We preferred to hold them, and win with them, because they were the best—the best the National League has known for a long time.

"Now, people seem to think we're going to get rid of everybody; rip the team down and start all over again. We're not."

Bavasi paused to let that blunt pronouncement sink in. He is a lean man, gaunt. His hairline is losing the fight. Still, he is handsome when he smiles, and he is personable, bordering on the suave.

"Let's go by position," he said with
continued



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END OF AN AREA

continued

confidence. "Then you'll see what I mean. Okay?"

Okay.

"Catcher: we know Campanella isn't the youngest, but we know he's not through, either. What I mean is, you wouldn't just release him, would you? Well, would you?"

No.

"You're darn right. Six others would pick him up and a, besides, we need him to break in the new catcher. Or, if the kid isn't ready and we have to go into the market, we need somebody to alternate. That's Campy."

The kid is John Roseboro, consid-

ered a splendid prospect, but spinach-green as a catcher. Background: originally an outfielder, with backstop experience amounting to little more than a year at Montreal and a dozen or so games in Brooklyn. But who could you go into the market for? "Who?"

"You'll have to surmise that," he said. "There are not too many good catchers in the big leagues. The Braves proved that by spending \$119,000 for an untried youngster."

Surmise: Smokey Burgess of the Reds can be had. So can Outfielder Wally Post. And the Reds want Don Newcombe. The makings are there.

"First base: Hodges still is the best first baseman in the league. He's not through, but the day will come—so

we've got to be ready for that day, even though it's a long time away.

"Our thinking is this: Jim Gentile's temperament has to change. He's really got to have more than just sock. He gets mad at himself, and when he does he's emotionally unstable. The thinking on him is this: maybe next year Hodges will need two or three days' rest a month. If he doesn't need it and Jim proves he can hit big-league pitching, then—and only if Hodges is agreeable—what's wrong with Gil playing somewhere else?"

POWER INJECTION

Surmise: This could be the big move in the 1958 Dodgers—Hodges on third base, Gentile on first. Bavasi is convinced the team needs an injection of batting power. Gentile appears to be a major source. Hodges can play anywhere, and excel.

"Second base: we're perfectly satisfied with Jim Gilliam. If we find somebody in our organization who can take Gilliam's place there, then he's got to be an all-star. There's nobody immediately in sight. We have some kids who are two or three years away."

Surmise: Gilliam sticks.

"Shortstop: you got Charlie Neal there, right? I never saw a boy pick up a strange position the way he has. Sure he has faults. We'll work them out.

"There's a boy who was all-star second baseman in every league he played, and look how quickly he adapted himself to shortstop.

"At St. Paul, we've got Bob Lillis. He was the Association's all-star shortstop this year. Nine big-league clubs feel he's ready for the big leagues and have bid for him. So have we; that makes 10. If he's that good, there's a possibility of moving Neal back to second base if we have to. Anyway, it gives Walter a lot of chance to maneuver."

Surmise: It looks like Walter Alton will manage, and maneuver, for another year at least.

"Third base: right now, we've got Don Zimmer, Randy Jackson and Pee Wee. Add Dick Gray. He was the all-star third baseman in the Association. Lot of power for a young fellow. Whether he'll hit big-league pitching, we'll have to wait and see. This is the position I have to say this about: they fight it out, and the best man gets the job. It's wide open. Pee Wee can do an outstanding job at any infield position for a few days at a time."

Surmise: Reese remains active for another year. Sudden thought: Is the

continued on page 51

PROP FOR A NEW DYNASTY: JIM GENTILE HAS UNEVEN TEMPERAMENT BUT LOTS OF SOCK





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END OF AN AREA

continued from page 48

club willing to pay him \$30,000 a year to play "a few days at a time"?

"Sure," says Bavasi. "Hell, yes."

"Center field: make it the outfield as a whole. This is the real problem. We don't think so, but they seem to say so. Snider may need occasional rests because of his knee. If so, Demeter is the man."

Don Demeter, tall, rangy, a free-swinger; speed, strong arm, serious-minded. Is Bavasi expecting him to push Snider out of center field?

"Not necessarily; not altogether. The doctors seem to think if we can

Cimoli. He has been the most consistent man we've had out there in a long time. He has all the requirements: arm, can run, good outfielder and hit around .300 most of the way.

"If he tails off, we can slip Demeter in there from time to time. It sounds as if Demeter is the key, doesn't it? He is. Now, we come to the big thing, the thing that will be our strength for years:

"Pitching: on paper, it looks great. With fellows like Stan Williams coming up, and Bill Harris, Rene Valdes, those kind; if we get two more from the new crop, we'll have maybe the strongest staff in the league for the next 10 years."

Sarasin: One more will be sufficient. Stan Williams looks like that one. He's very big, very fast. Fanned over 200 at St. Paul this year. If Williams arrives next season, as expected, Brook starters will include: Sandy Koufax, 22; Don Drysdale, 21; Danny McDevitt, 25; Johnny Podres, 25; Williams, 21. But the bullpen is in danger. Unless Labine and Besant regain form, rehabilitation of the pen is required, with emphasis on a lefty or two.

"Our farms will come up with the necessary replacements," Bavasi promises, "and where they don't, we'll use the surplus in other positions to trade for what we need. We're not going downhill. Not by a long shot. Fresno and our scouts have done a great job of lining up prospects."

Then why have the Dodger farm clubs finished so low in their leagues this year? Of the three higher-classification clubs, only St. Paul made the playoffs—and they just did. Half the lower-classification farms finished in the second division.

"I'd rather," said Bavasi, "you let Fresno answer that for you."

ACROSS THE BOARD

Fresco Thompson's office in the downtown Brooklyn building is a large room, with blackboards covering the walls, and varicolored chalked names of hundreds of ballplayers covering the boards.

"I've heard that criticism before," said Thompson. "It's true our clubs aren't finishing as well as they usually do, but there's a reason for it. It doesn't mean we don't have as many good young players as the other big league farms, but just that we've spread our talent thin. While others have retrenched, we continue to operate 13 farm clubs."

Where are these future Dodgers

continued

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DON DEMETER, KEY TO THE OUTFIELD

afford to rest Duke now and then he'll be all right. If he gets worse, of course, we'll have to do something."

Sarasin: Snider eventually will submit to surgery on his left knee. As time goes on and the remade Dodgers see more left-handed pitching, Snider will be platooned with right-swingers Demeter in center. Demeter will devote with part-time service in . . .

"Right field: when Furillo is available he's as good as there is. Whether he plays every day is up to Furillo. If he can't, Demeter may solve that problem, too."

Furillo is 35, how much longer can he be expected to play, even with rests?

"I think he has another three years. He is always in good shape, always kept himself that way."

Sarasin: Furillo will play the majority of games in right for the next two years.

"Left field: we're satisfied with Gino

There goes that call again... that friendly, cheerful call again

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END OF AN AREA continued

coming from? You rarely read about the Brooks signing up one of the big bonus babies; always some other team is getting those headlines.

Thompson's full face crinkled in a pink smile. His fingers combed his glistening gray hair. He seemed happy to be asked.

"We spend money," he said, "but not that way. We always operate on



GAUNT BUT BANGUINE, Buzzie Bavasi foresees many future Dodger pennants.

the premise that it is better to give 10 boys \$2,500 each than one boy \$25,000. We figure you have the law of averages riding for you and, if the scouts are sufficiently capable in judging talent, we'll wind up with more good ball-players than the club that goes for the high-priced kid. This year, up to August 1, we had spent \$85,000 on 80 kids. I'd estimate we'll spend another \$30,000 by the end of the year."

Surmise: The Dodger organization is very much alive and quite efficient.

Between the pessimism of some critics and the optimism of the Brooklyn front office, I am inclined to think the latter the more justified. (END)



Model & Photo: Paul Martin. Hair: John. Makeup: John. Styling: John. Suit: J. P. Sartre. Hat: J. P. Sartre. Briefcase: J. P. Sartre. Garden: J. P. Sartre. Path: J. P. Sartre. Foliage: J. P. Sartre.

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*"Orlon" is a DuPont acrylic fiber registered for its acrylic fiber. DuPont makes fibers, does not make the label on my shirt.

With the hunting season just getting under way, a famous outdoorsman sticks his neck out to pick his own version of the 10 best guns for

One Man's Arsenal

by ED ZERN

WHEN THE HUNTING SEASON opens each year, as it is now doing all across the country, every hunter takes his guns down from the rack, cleans them, shines them and wishes that he had more rifles, fewer shotguns or simply a better all-round arsenal. This week there are some 12 million veteran hunters in the U.S. who are doing just that. There are also 750,000 hunting initiates, men and women, who are determined to go gunning for the first time this fall. Obviously they need guns.

This is a cheerful thought for the firearms manufacturers, but a rather unsettling one for the hunter. The veteran has been through it so often before, he knows perfectly well that after one trip in the field with the one gun he has always wanted, he is going to wish it were a pound lighter, a half-inch higher at the comb or a little longer in the stock. The beginner is going to run into a bewildering barrage of contradictory advice both from veteran hunters and sporting goods salesmen. And, after he has failed to properly sift this maze of information and applies himself to the catalog, he will be appalled to find that there are roughly 75 different models of mass-produced American-made rifles in more than 40 different calibers, plus about 60 different models of shotguns in half a dozen gauges. Since each of these has some special merit, at least within its own price class, and since most sportsmen approach guns as objectively as they'd approach Ava Gardner, it's nearly impossible to get any two shooters to agree on what constitutes a proper sporting arsenal.

In my own case, for example, I have picked a basic arsenal, shown on these pages, using a highly subjective and rather injudicious mixture of ballistics, aesthetics, experience and nostalgia (you can't sit through dozens of William S. Hart movies at an impressionable age without acquiring some pretty strong opinions about shooting irons). Thus the following selection is intended simultaneously to 1) reflect the writer's personal preferences and 2) annoy thousands of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-reading gunners.

It should be noted that this selection is not in any sense a "dream arsenal"; dreams come in more calibers than rifles. It's not "the ideal arsenal," since, in choosing it, money was an object (and no ideal worthy the name is

attainable for \$1,417.10). Rather it's a selection of firearms with which a shooter might feel comfortably equipped and reasonably well prepared for almost any kind of shooting on the North American continent; he would almost certainly start scheming, as soon as he acquired it, to have some of the rifles custom-stocked or to replace some of the less expensive arms with higher-priced models, and he might occasionally reflect that in a really perfect society every shooter would own a matched pair of Boas or Churchill or Purdy shotguns (at something over \$2,000 the pair) and several of Roy Weatherby's most de luxe productions (at, say, \$500 each).

It should be further noted that almost any of the selections can be challenged either singly or in combination. For example, every schoolboy knows that for the average wing shooter it's advisable to shoot only one gun and shoot it well ("ware the man with one gun") rather than to shoot several guns and never master any of them. It's even less desirable, from the standpoint of meat on the table, to alternate between an over-and-under, with its single sighting plane, and a side-by-side double. The question then becomes: Are a few extra ducks or doves or ring-necks in the freezer worth more than the pleasure of owning a Browning Superposed and a Winchester Model 21? Not to me they aren't, because I gun perhaps 25 days a year, when I'm lucky, and the other 340 days I enjoy the sight of both guns in the rack and the handling of them.

There's no automatic shotgun in the selection, because there's already too much machinery and mechanization in my life; for the same reason I haven't included an automatic pistol. I can't hit a Greyhound bus at 50 feet with a revolver, but I like revolvers for sentimental reasons (despite the fact that I can hit a Greyhound bus at 50 feet with a Colt Woodsman or a Ruger Standard or several other fine autoloading handguns).

At right and on the following page are the 10 guns that I have been brave enough, or foolish enough, to pick out, with typical targets for each one of the weapons. Open season is hereby declared on both the selection and the selector. And looking it over myself, I must say: "Let's see, now—Ye gods! This idiot has left out the .30-06!"



MARLIN 39-A, .22 CALIBER

The target illustration for this rifle could just as well be an old tin can instead of the squirrel shown at right, since most rim-fire .22s are used for plinking or informal target shooting. The easy-handling Marlin 39-A is modeled on classic lever-action lines and is accurate enough for around-the-camp use and family fun shooting. Weighs 6 1/2 pounds, costs \$72.95.



REMINGTON MODEL 722, .222 CALIBER

The .222 Remington is a fine varmint load for distances under 200 yards, and this rugged standard 722 handles it well when properly scoped with an 8- or 10-power glass. The Model 722 holds six shots, weighs 8 pounds and costs \$95.25. Although antelope and whitetail deer may be killed with the .222, it's too light to be recommended for game this large.



WINCHESTER MODEL 70, .243 CALIBER

This is the All-American rifle—rugged, full-free and a wonderfully accurate—and if I had to settle for a single rifle this surely would be it. I'd take this caliber, too, since most of my rifle shooting is for woodchucks, but I could also kill antelope or deer in open country. The .243 Winchester will skin a jack rabbit at 400 yards if scoped with a 10X, and costs \$129.95.



MARLIN 336 CARBINE, .35 CALIBER

If you hunt whitetail deer in heavy brush, this lever action will pay its way. The .35 Remington slug chugs along at a leisurely 1,000-feet-per-second and plows through stuff that would deflect or disintegrate a softer bullet. There are faster versions of the 336, but the one shown costs \$76.95, not including a \$15 5X hunting scope, and can stand the rigors of a deer camp.



SAVAGE MODEL 99, .358 CALIBER

When I was 10 years old I thought the Model 99 was the most beautiful object in the world and, even after my nose changed and my horizons broadened, I continued to rate it highly and still do. The .358 Winchester load is able to let the stuffing out of a grizzly bear or bull moose, and a 6X scope isn't too powerful for this versatile lever action. \$116.75.



Drawings by Jean Sengier

CONTINUED



BROWNING SUPERPOSED, 12-GAUGE

With 28-inch barrels, bored full and modified, this is a grand duck gun and (as also) a good procedure in a corn field full of partridge. It comes with single selective trigger, automatic selective trigger. At \$436, the Browning over-and-ander is an excellent value, but if you want to spend up to \$615 for former versions of the same model you're allowed to



WINCHESTER MODEL 21, 16-GAUGE

This is America's finest shotgun. With 28-inch barrels, bored modified and improved cylinder, 16-gauge, it's nearly as light in weight as a 20-gauge, yet with a 2 3/4-inch magnum load it can almost match a 12-gauge in killing power. Thus it's ideal for upland-game shooting, especially for snipe shooting ragged grouse and woodcock in heavy cover. \$425.



REMINGTON MODEL 870 MAGNUM, 12-GAUGE

This full-broke pump gun, chambered for 3-inch magnum shells, is a good companion in a goose pit—though the ventilated rib may be a nuisance to keep clear of snow, mud and rust—or a bee gone shooting high-flying ducks. It also makes a solid, easy-pointing trap gun; and for trapsetting, the ventilated rib is a boon. With rib, 30-inch barrel, recoil pad, 8 1/2 pounds. \$141.



RUGER SINGLE-SIX, .22 CALIBER

Porepines live on at handies, canoe paddles, automobile tires and tops of valuable trees. The Single-Six, which has a fascinating kind of Old West look, is an ideal camp gun, and if you point one at a porky and squeeze the trigger you'll sure a lot of trees. A handy handgun for plinking, too. \$69.95.



**SMITH & WESSON
REGULATION .38 CALIBER**

This well-known fire-shooter packs enough wallop to clothe a freed cougar, yet it weighs only 18 ounces unloaded. Like all handguns, it requires some practice shooting if you expect to hit anything smaller than a silo, but that is the largest part of the fun. With four-inch-barrel, blued finish. \$60.



NEW COMMANDMENTS

continued from page 17

6 AFTER RAISE, JUMP TO GAME IN A MAJOR SUIT WITH AS LITTLE AS 19 POINTS



SOUTH 19+
WEST pass
NORTH 2+
EAST pass

This reduction of the requirements from the former 20 points minimum reflects the increase in the minimum requirements of 7 points for a raise. It gets you to game with a combined total of 26 points, as formerly.

South bids four spades.

7 YOU MAY HAVE AS MANY AS 10 POINTS FOR A ONE NO TRUMP RESPONSE



WEST pass
NORTH 10+
EAST pass
SOUTH 7

The former top limit of 9 left you high and dry with such hands as above. A response of one no trump with this hand is conservative, but any other bid is unsound.

South bids one no trump.

8 DO NOT BID A FOUR-CARD MAJOR SUIT THAT INCLUDES FEWER THAN 4 POINTS



SOUTH 3
WEST pass
NORTH 4
EAST pass

A biddable four-card major suit

should be at least as strong as A x x x or K J x x. However, because the 10-spot adds solidity, you may exceptionally show Q J 10 x. With weaker suits, prefer to bid a three-card minor.

South should bid one club.

9 YOU MAY REBID TWO NO TRUMP WITH AN LITTLE AS 10 POINTS IN YOUR HAND



SOUTH 10+
WEST pass
NORTH 2+
EAST pass

This slight lowering of the requirements doesn't put you in any danger for it applies only to cases where partner has responded to your opening bid of one in a suit with a bid of two in a lower-ranking suit. For this response, he needs a minimum of 10 points so you will never reach game with fewer than 25 points. And often enough, with a good five-card suit, 25 will be enough to produce the game.

South should bid two no trump.

10 YOU NEED 7 POINTS TO RAISE YOUR PARTNER IN THE SUIT HE HAS BID



WEST pass
NORTH 7+
EAST pass
SOUTH 7

When you raise partner's suit, you increase the number of tricks your side must take. And when you value for a raise, you count distributional value as well as high cards. Six-point hands are a shade too weak for this purpose. However, it is still permissible to keep the bidding open with a 6-point hand by responding one no trump. South should bid one no trump. (C.R.)



Here's a tip for sportsmen

Carry a case of 'Chap Stick'—the new twist case that turns up as you need it. A treat for outdoor lips. 'Chap Stick'—the largest-selling lip balm in the world—is comforting the lips of millions. Specially soothing, specially medicated and antiseptic. Use it regularly to keep your lips relaxed and refreshed—and when wind and weather roughen your lips—see how quickly and surely it brings relief to lips, cracked or sore. Get your 'Chap Stick' today and while you're at it, why not give the kids at home a treat.

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PART II: GOD'S LITTLE UNDERWATER ACRE

the REEF *and its* TREASURE

by CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

*Metthought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.*

—SHAKESPEARE

I WAS in Bermuda 16 days. Fourteen of them ranged from drizzly and bad to torrential and foul. They were not days on which an experienced and prudent instructor like Park Breck would take a rank amateur diver into the open sea. We continued to make shallow dives in the coves from sheltered beaches. I learned to clear my mask under water, to make the proper underwater signals, to judge how many weights I needed in order to sink or rise without fighting the water. I saw little interesting. I picked up a shell or two deep from the bottom. And once I saw an angelfish lurking in a dark cave. In the murky waters he looked like a sunset seen through smog. He didn't count.

MEANWHILE, Park Breck and Jeanne, his attractive blonde wife and partner, generously sought to divert me, and at the same time maintain my interest in diving. They asked me to parties with their fellow-Bermuda divers and their wives.

There were the Teddy Tuckers; the Ted Goslings; the Henry Whites; the Freddy Hamiltons; Peter Stackpole (who was doing an underwater movie documentary about treasure diving) and his wife; and the Mendel Petersons. Mr. Peterson, curator of naval history for the Smithsonian Institution, was in Bermuda studying the underwater artifacts brought up by the Bermuda divers, especially those brought up by Teddy Tucker, the 33-year-old diver who, it seemed, had done more "bottom time" than

any diver of his age in the West. Divers all, they welcomed me warmly.

"So you've joined the Flipper Fraternity?" somebody said.

"I suppose, at my age, I am mad even to try."

Mr. Peterson then said, "The best diver I ever knew was a California woman 73 years old."

(Nice people, divers.)

Someone else commented, "Oh, everybody's diving; lung-diving is the fastest growing sport in the world. I saw in the *Times* today, it's a 30-million-dollar business."

Breck said, "It would grow a lot faster if they'd make equipment easier for instructors to handle and safer for amateurs."

"Then you'd have every tourist in the island out on the reefs. In the end, they'd be plastering underwater signs in every lagoon: 'Use Breck's Polyps Paste for your ginger-coral itch.'"

"Do you get the bends? Use Tucker's Little Decompression Pill."

Divers are as generous with their talk as they are with their energies. In the moist Bermuda evenings, I listened to diver talk.

Talk about equipment: some liked hard fins, others softer. Some liked the Squalo mask, others the Pinnocchio. Some swore by Cousteau's scuba, others by the Scott Hydro-Pak. Teddy Tucker, the treasure diver, went down without any flippers, breathing from a tube that stretched all the way back to an air compressor unit on the boat. But

text continued on page 62

At last, the sunny days came. . . . We dived at the northeast point of the breakers; off the reef where the Elda wreck lies; and out to sea in the North Rock area . . .



I see a shimmering cloud moving toward me. It is a large school of small fry, circling a spear-diver who searches the waters below, his long steel spear glinting. . .



Jeanne sees something and slides away. . . . We glide to the eroded wall, sink on our elbows and peer under a coral ledge. . . . The caves are deliciously full of mysterious holes. . . .

We take turns with the underwater scooter. . . . I press the switch and am away, sweeping over cranny and crev, skimming through the sea plumes and grasses. . . .





There lies the liquid blue jungle of the barrier reef. . . . I glide
down to it . . . Jeanne is there. . . . Her hair is floating above
her, a restless golden halo. . . . I sink beside her. . . .

THE REEF

continued

he worked for hours on end at the bottom. They all agreed on only one thing: no matter what kind of equipment you use, don't use it after late evenings and many drinks. And most of them were off smoking.

They talked: about how many hundreds (or thousands) of dives they had made. And about what ill fortune they or their comrades had suffered on them; about how eardrums had cracked and bled beneath the pressure (especially when you forgot to equalize); and how a man's sinuses could swiftly plug up at certain depths; about how it felt to have sharks smell your knees, or to have your breathing tubes get tangled in the rigging of new wrecks; and how nitrogen narcosis, called the rapture of the depths, can make a man so drunk he can throw away his mouthpiece thinking himself Neptune, only to join the God of the Sea and his wreck forever.

And everybody talked of wrecks.

"There are more wrecks lying on the Bermuda barrier reef than in any other area in the world."

They showed me their diving treasures, while the Smithsonian man beamed with antiquarian joy: artifacts they had plucked from the ocean floor, all enusted thickly with centuries of sea lime. There were ancient pewter porringers, long-barreled, clay smoking pipes, breech-loading swivel guns, jugs, breastplates, sword hilts and scabbards, a pair of dividers like those Amerigo Vespucci used in discovering the New World.

I whispered, laughing, to Jeanne, "I suppose that bobby pin would be an artifact of our civilization if someone found it a hundred years from now out on the reefs."

She laughed and whispered of her own favorite artifact, which she had brought from a 60-foot dive she had made on a new wreck. It was a shining brass plate marked, "Captain's Entrance." It was now nailed to her small son's bedroom door.

Each one talked about "my wreck." That was the next one he intended to dive on. He described it minutely, hinting at the significant signs of real treasure that he would find there; but he jealously concealed its exact location.

"There's gold in them thar wrecks. . . ." "Teddy Tucker hasn't found it all. . . ."

Then Teddy Tucker showed me his treasure: the greatest underwater bonanza found in western waters in this

century. He had made the discovery at a depth of only 25 feet, in the remains of a Spanish wreck off the coral reefs. He spread the golden pieces before me, but not as a miser spreads his gold. He displayed them as a champion displays his trophies, a soldier shows his medals to good friends. There were a 16th century bishop's pectoral cross of purest gold, studded with seven sea-green, sea-smooth emeralds; pearl earrings; and a fist-heavy ingot of mellow Spanish gold with romantic markings, "Pinto" and "Don Hernandez."

I held the pieces one by one in my hand. I admired them, but I admired more the courage and patience of the man who had found them. Myself, all the treasure I wanted to find was a golden angelfish.

* * *

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself flourish in your veins. . . .

—THRAKERE

AT LAST, the sunny days came. Captain Taylor took us six miles out to the divers' Promised Land: the barrier reefs. We dived at the northeast point of the breakers; off the reef where the *Elda* wreck lies; and seven miles out to sea in the North Rock area, by the old beacon light, inside the barrier. In these areas we made four dives. Which was which, and

where was what I saw there? As memory often merges the events of scattered days of joy into "the happy time," so I now merge my memories of diving off the reefs into one long dive.

As I remember this long dive, I see myself hauling my heavy tank-burdened body over the side of the *Wally III* and backing down the ladder. I am eager now to shed my weight under the sparkling waters. Happily, I let go. Splash, and down a few feet. I wait for my flippers to be thrown over the side. I tug them on, level off on my face, and look down.

There, 20 feet below, lies the liquid blue jungle of the barrier reef. The world of madrepores and polyps, where everything is endlessly living and endlessly dying to make the fretted vaults and cloistered crannies of the reefs, of rose coral, star coral and brain coral, coral with antlers and horns, coral formed like tree stumps, anemones and sponges; and crustaceans, worms and fishes. . . . And there in the midst of this wild calm jungle, lying 10 feet deeper, I see a lovely sandy cave.

Along its walls the waving purple fronds of the sea's fans beckon me in. . . . I glide down to the cave slowly, at a gentle plane. I can see a hundred feet in every direction. As far as I can

continued



Then Teddy Tucker showed me his treasure. . . . He spread the golden pieces before me . . . a 16th century bishop's pectoral cross of purest gold, studded with seven sea-green, sea-smooth emeralds . . . a fist-heavy ingot of mellow Spanish gold. . . .

THE REEF

continued

see, the colors are Gauguin's and Cézanne's and Seurat's. Beyond, the dark blue-green sea belongs to Dufy and Chagall. I'm almost on the cave. I throw back my head and my flippers' tips touch the shining floor. I feel like a bird lighting on a bough. I sink to the bottom of the cave and, lolling, look up at the even feathers of bubbles which fly up from my neck, expanding as they go into shining silver mushrooms, little pearly parachutes, seeking the far sun. Overhead, the bottom of a rowboat is a liquid yellow plate, and on the distant surface, the shadowy silhouette of the *Wally III* is a salver of spinach jade. Circling high, 30 feet above me, looking like little frogs, are a pair of skin divers with spears. They drift slowly along on top of the waters searching out snappers and rockfishes below.

I look around. Park is there. He is pointing a camera in a plastic case at me. His body is the color of polished amber, his short hair is a dandelion going to seed. Jeanne is there, on her knees, head down, fingering through the creamy sand. It flows like gauze through her fingers. Her hair is floating straight above her, a restless golden halo. She looks up, as I sink beside her, and her eyes are smiling aquamarines.

She sees something and slides away, beckoning me to follow. We glide to the crannied wall, sink on our elbows and peer under a coral ledge. We see two crimson enameled wires and peer deeper and see an elegant lobster, rich with eggs made of old red Chinese lacquer. Jeanne tickles its antennae and it draws into its dark palace with mandarin dignity. She wishes to taste it more. I don't. I have only an hour to explore my enchanted liquid here. Only an hour to find an angelfish. . . .

I drift up the crenelated sides of the cave. I begin to see they are deliciously full of mysterious holes. A delicate, slightly open mouth pokes out of one of them. I flipper slowly over to the hole and stop. It is the white beak of a rainbow parrot fish. I see his body, the length of my forearm. It is all purple and red and gold. I swoon softly closer. We eye one another. I, in what delight can he know?

Oh, small squamulose miracle, do you know what we say on the land above? "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." These blue fins I wear are for your sake. This monastic silence I keep is in order to share yours.

Gently I reach out, hoping he will

let me scratch his beak. He withdraws, flicks around, shoots out another hole and, squittering delicately, hovers in the clear water ahead. I pursue. He moves and hovers again. We repeat our little ballet.

Three little sergeant majors, gold with black stripes, draw across my chase. They tinkle at me. I bubble at them. *Delighted to meet you, young gentlemen.* They pass, and I glide, like a gondola, among waving gorgonians, in and out of madreporic crevices. I am careful to skirt the ginger coral—the poison ivy of the sea. I am cautious with my hands and knees lest they be punctured by the waving black needles of the giant sea urchins, like pin cushions in their coral waterpots.

Now I see another parrot fish nibbling on the rocks in the distance. I

cruise toward him, among the sea plumes and antler coral. I stop. Down behind a mauve sea fan I see a childhood friend, a starfish. I float down and pick it up and carry it to Jeanne, as a child on the beach carries a shell to his mother. Jeanne sees my delight. She takes it, caresses it knowingly and lets it float away.

I float away, too.

I no longer think whether I am cold or tired, or down too far, or breathing right. I no longer struggle against gravity. How can one struggle against what does not seem to exist? I am living in the sea, outside myself. All but my eyes, which are seeking that angelfish. . . .

Park taps me on the arm, points. Jeanne is examining something on the reef. We swoop down. Park makes a sign of a pistol pointing. Jeanne crawls



I am eager now to shed my weight under the sparkling waters. . . . I wait for my flippers to be thrown over the

side. I tug them on, level off on my fore, and look down.

along the pale pink and green lime-encrusted thing he is pointing at, and I crawl with her. I do not know that I am looking at the barrel of an ancient Spanish cannon from a wreck come to grief in the days of the conquistadors. I swim away. I prefer the great bonito that I see in the distance. (Had I known, I would have swum off anyway. I am definitely allergic to all artifacts, regardless of size, which are even remotely shaped like bobby pins.)

The bonito is a quarter of the size of me, and much prettier. Park follows with his camera, resigned to my disinterest in artifacts.

Park points again. I see two lean, grunt, steely fish, two and three feet long, swimming toward us. Barracuda. I stop and hover. They do, too. They tipple and show their ugly teeth. I slipper and push my ugly mouthpiece in their direction. "Plug-uglies, that's what you are. Gilt!" They flick away.

Near a tiny waterpot, I meet a little fish, no larger than the palm of my hand. He charges my mask furiously. It is a demoiselle fish, spankily guarding his coral *gazeouillère*, where his mistress lies sleeping. If the demoiselles could talk they would talk like sharks, surely.

Now I see a shimmering cloud moving toward me. It is a large school of small fry, curtaining a spear diver who searches the waters below, his long steel spear glinting in the blue. I swim deliberately through it. The cloud shatters into a million soft glassy splinters all around my body, and reforms into a silver curtain in my wake. I turn to Park, laughing with glee. My mouth opens. Water rushes past my mouthpiece. I experience a moment of terror. I spit out the water through the tube, breathe slowly, spiral, and drop to the floor of the cave, and rest.

How long have I been here? I do not know. Time, under water, is not a mechanical thing. It is organic. You judge it by the strength and slant of the light, the warmth of your blood, the rhythm of your breathing. But for dark and cold, and weariness and lack of air, you might stay there forever and call it a minute.

IN THE CAVE, I have a sudden visitor. It is a man-fish. He shoots across the sandy floor pulled by a small yellow submarine half the size of his body. It is Pete Stackpole, who has joined us in his Link underwater scooter. He rollicks around in the cave like a

continued



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THE REEF

continued

dolphin, shoots away, comes back, and lets go the power-diver. It drops to the sand. Park, Jeanne, Pete and I huddle around it. Pete explains by signs how to use it. Park waits Pete his camera, and he and Jeanne take turns with the scooter. They disappear and reappear out of the dim green where visibility stops. *It must be my turn now.* When Jeanne comes by again, I flipper hard and take the handles from her. I press the switch and am away, sweeping over cranny and cave, sheering through sea plumes and grasses. They break into brown clouds as I reap them. I see fish torpedo away from me as I come toward them. *I can't find an angelfish this way.*

I whoosh back, gripping my mouthpiece which loosens in the wash of the scooter's propeller. I drop the scooter when I pass over the cave. It sinks to the bottom like a sodden banana. I feel freer—and fishier—without it. I resume my whimsical game of floating tag: with silver breams, with a platter-shaped, navy-blue doctorfish, with gray snappers and chub, with a pink and black Spanish hogfish and a speckled rehdin. I encounter a pair of brown pipefish. They have seahorse heads, but their bodies are straightened in a stiff horizontal. I wait for them to race by me into the stretch. Unexpectedly they become a medium's trumpets: they fly backward.

Now I notice with delight that a large rockfish weighing about 30 pounds is swimming in a friendly fashion at our flippers' tips. I test his friendship. I spurt away. He apurta

after me. *Aha! Monsieur Cousteau! Let me present you Ulysses, Junior!*

Suddenly my rockfish friend whooshes away, toward a rock ledge. Too late. Overhead a skin-diver has been stalking him. The skin-diver comes down in a long powerful diagonal. His steel spear speeds through the water. My friend is impaled and is carried struggling and bleeding to the top.

I am angry. I breathe harder. I lie on a rock to rest.

I know about the feeding cycle. Little fish eat plankton, bigger fish eat the little fish. Why should I care if man then eats the big ones? Have not many fish eaten man down here? I remember Teddy Tucker's gold and emerald pectoral cross. . . . They have even dined on bishops.

I go cruising again in the gorgonian forest. And then—there, in a perforation of the coral maze, I find my treasure. I find the jewel of the lapidary sea, the rarest gem of ray serene the bright and fathomed caves of ocean bear. He is as large as two of my fingers. His body is all lapis lazuli; his brow is sprinkled with turquoise. He glows all over. I don't move, for I know now that a teasing movement will drive him away. Oh, to be a Saint Francis of Assisi among the Fish! Poor Saint Francis, born out of time, never to have met Brother Jewel Fish and Sister Sea Fan at their own level! What canticles you would have sung to them! What holy converse held with them about their Maker!

*Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin
The littlest fish may enter in.*

THE JEWEL FISH sinks, forever, from my eye. Never from my mind. I slide away. I still hope to see an angelfish, a heart-shaped angelfish, a Fra Angelico angelfish, a Queen of the Angelfish, in all her sunit glory.

I see a shark instead. Out there where the waters grow dim, the ugly gray squaloid form is cruising toward us. My finger shoots like a rifle barrel, pointing it out to Park. Pete sees it, too, and flippers hard toward it. Park snaps its picture. Breathlessly watching, I sink to the floor of the reef. Park swings his camera toward my face to catch my expression. Then he swims after Pete. The shark disappears in the gloom. Overhead the spear divers are still floating and stalking. I remember that the blood of wounded fish sometimes attracts sharks. So does Park. He thumbs everyone up. Only Saint Francis would feel completely safe down here. The day is ended.

*You never enjoy the world aright, till
the sea itself flowereth in your veins. . . .*

—TRAHERNE

I SIT ALONE in the stern of the Wally III and look back to the jagged reef. Gentle waves kiss its rough lips. The sea around grows wider and the reefs disappear. A flying fish shoots out of the azure veil that conceals their beauty. Foolish fish to flirt with gravity! Oh happy mortal who has for an hour eluded it!

I had indeed rejoiced and delighted, "as do misers in gold and kings in sceptres," in God's Little Underwater Acre.

'A SCUBA BEGINNER CALLED CLARE . . .'

A second selection of undersea humor from Clare Boothe Luce's album

A scuba beginner called Clare

On a dice got a terrible scare.

A shark that was grosser

Than P. Rubirosa,

Came in and sniffed at her hair.

An orchestra member called Gruber,

Engaged a deep dice with a scuba,

As he panicked for air,

He was heard to declare,

"It felt like I'd swallowed my tubs."

*There once was a diver called Linz,
Who guzzled on tonics and gins,
And he went under water,
Which he sure hadn't orter,
Now the fishes are nibbling his shins.*

PARIS

pour le sport

The big news out of Paris this season is news for the sportswoman—and it does not come from the *haute couture*. It is the Paris boutiques that have scooped the fashion world. These little shops, usually located on the main floor of the large and lovely *maisons*, blossomed forth the week of the big openings with full collections that were as exciting to American shoppers as the presentations upstairs. For the first time eight members of the *couture*—Lanvin, Dessès, Carven, De Ranch, Heim, Rices, Rouff and Griffe—have banded together to make boutique clothes “*port-a-porter*” (ready-to-wear) and are exporting them to U.S. stores.

FUZZY PONCHO of *chale* wool, hand with tail, is one of the shrewdly-groomed suggestions for ski wear at *Herbol*, the most elegant leather-and-jute store here in Paris.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHLOE VA

MODELS BY SANDY MARTIN



CONTINUED



GIANT *best wool coat (above), photographed in front of the Christian Dior boutique, is made like a sweater, with push-up sleeves. It is typical of the bulky coat silhouette favored in Dior's haute couture collection.*

CLASSIC *leather shirt coat of mustard yellow German calf (left) is also shown by the Dior boutique. This is one of an extensive collection of leathers in sports silhouettes that are popular with American shoppers.*

WASHABLE *leather shirt of softly styled sheepskin (right) is shown by the Maggy Rouff boutique. Photographed with slacks at the Swiss Market in Paris, it is typical of sports styles tailored for American customers.*

WOOLLY *sports jacket from Hermès (far right) is made of sheepskin with its own wool still attached. Although a shirt-replacement for skiing, hunting and general heavy-weather use, it is still stylish enough for town wear.*

CONTINUED



POUR LE SPORT *continued*

SILK sweater is from a new boutique supplied. *Between, the famous French model who is the fiancée of Aly Khan. No enter is available in the U.S. at Henri Bendel (\$50).*



SPECTATOR skirt of Miss wool faced and flowered cotton, wireless' overblouse from Pierre Cardin boutique are at Henri Bendel, New York (skirt, \$20; overblouse \$65).

CHEMISE dress, the talk of the Paris collection, is shown in a casual version of wool jersey by Jacques Griffe for his boutique collection. Also at Henri Bendel (\$135).



TIP FROM THE TOP

from **DOUG FORD**

Patsan CC, Mahopac, N.Y.



FOR FAIRLY SEASONED PLAYERS

On all my strokes I go through a process of alignment. I'll first try to describe and then I'll explain the reasons why I do this.

When I first take my stance and get lined up, my body is set so that my hips point a little to the left of the straight line to the target. Then, without changing the position of my body, I realign my hands, shifting them back about a half inch so that they will not be quite so far ahead of my club head. This shifting squares my blade to the line.

This stance, with the left hip slightly open, gives me the feeling from the start of the swing that I've got my left hip out of the way. I feel that I cannot help but swing from the inside out, and that nothing will obstruct me from following through on the line to the target. (When I'm 100 yards or so out, my hips point about six feet to the left of the pin; 200 yards out, about eight yards to the left of the pin.) I do not know how this method will work for other golfers, but for me it is quite natural, simply an extension of how I align myself when I putt. As I say, its merit is that with the left hip slightly open and the hands reset, I feel all cocked for the shot, all primed to swing from the inside out and to follow through on line.

Ford's preliminary position



Position after resetting hands

NEXT WEEK: MARLENE HAGGE ON THE PUTTING STROKE

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BONNIE PRUDDEN

11

This handful of exercises has been created for college students but is equally beneficial for all ages



It's NEVER too late to get in shape, even if you've reached the advanced age of a college freshman and find bulges cropping up in the wrong places. Exercise will help; and exercise is fun, particularly in a group when boys and girls can go through the program together. Bonnie Prudden has designed the exercises here and on the following pages especially for college men and women. The exercises are also good for people of every age, and if you have been following Bonnie's weekly fitness series, you should now add

this bonus unit to your daily routine.

This week the exercises are demonstrated by Marcy Bergren and Russ Nelson, teen-agers of college freshman age. Both are pupils at White Plains (N.Y.) High School. Marcy plays tennis, swims, skis and studies modern dance. She gives the lie to the old wives' tale that women who exercise will look like Mr. America. Russ, whose muscles are visible in the approved fashion, is on three varsity teams: cross country, basketball and tennis.

Unfortunately, Marcy and Russ,

star athletes both, are not quite typical of American college youth. Fifty-two percent of the boys and girls graduating from high schools across the country fail the Kraus-Weber test for minimum muscular fitness—only a 2% improvement over the 6-year-olds who have been put through the test. Many teen-agers feel that they can do without physical activity. They are wrong—nobody can. Physical attractiveness, vitality, strength, courage and endurance are the qualities needed most during your years at college and



UPPER BACK DROP

Lie on a desk, dropping your upper body over the edge to the floor.



While your partner holds your feet, raise body to a horizontal position, then drop down and relax. Repeat five times.

PUSH-UP AND CHIN-UP

If you can't do a push-up at first, start in the position in which Mary and Russ are shown and let yourself down slowly. You can do the same for chin-up—stand on a chair and let yourself down until you're strong enough to pull up over the bar.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD WEISS

in the 10 important years that follow.

The trick of acquiring a sound body lies in wanting it very much and being willing to give the time and effort to a program for getting in shape.

In addition to performing the exercises demonstrated on these pages, include the following points in your personal college fitness program:

- 1 Measure and weigh yourself. Take a long look in the mirror. If you are too fat, eat less and exercise more.
- 2 Keep a list for a week of the number of hours you sit: studying, playing bridge, driving.
- 3 Keep a list of the hours you spend in activities that call for real sweat and strain: modern dance, track, soccer, weight lifting, tennis, gymnastics, training for a sport. Don't include anything that is not vigorous exercise. Try to improve the ratio of active to passive hours.
- 4 Find ways to be more physically active, instead of less. Taking it easy doesn't conserve energy, it just makes you more tired. When you can, give up elevators and cars and walk. If you must ride, use a bike instead of a car.
- 5 Take hikes on weekends, carrying your food with you in a pack.
- 6 Double-time from class to class, an exercise guaranteed to reduce seats and build up chests.
- 7 Try to organize a mixed exercise class. Everybody, it has been found, shows off for everybody else, and by overdoing does just fine.

continued





A

LOWER BACK DROP

Lean over desk with your feet on the floor, while partner holds down your hands. Then



B

raise your legs until your body assumes a horizontal position. Drop legs to floor. Boys can add



A

THE ROLL-OUT

Lie flat on floor, with arms overhead, and stretch out as far as possible, keeping your legs together.



B

Then swing up to a sitting position and lean forward until you can touch your toes. This will



A

STATIONARY LEG CHANGE

Crouch on floor, resting weight on hands, with left leg bent and the



B

right leg extended. Shift your feet so that the right leg is bent and the left extended as far



to the exercise by holding a medicine ball between the feet. Repeat five times.



harden your abdominal muscles, stretch your back muscles. Repeat this 10 times.



as possible. Start with a slow count and gradually speed it up. Repeat 20 times.

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2-YEAR-OLDS

(continued from page 17)

show signs of further development already are Sir Ruler, Hit The Trail, Fleet Feet, Crusher, Hip Hip Hurray, Whiskey, Circle Las, Disdainful, Nacoro, Counterspy and Misty Flight. There are obviously many many more than those named here, but the trouble with trying to pick them out now is that more and more horsemen are employing the so-called "Calumet Pattern" in bringing along their young stock. It is said among racetrackers that Calumet is in favor of year-around 2-year-old racing—for everybody but themselves. The pattern is simple: sit back and let the other guy race (and often wear out) his 2-year-olds until you're ready to jump in at the end of the season and mop up the richest races. Calumet has always been cautious with their 2-year-olds. They bring them along with meticulous slowness, teaching each one individually rather than hurling him into too many early races to learn by experience. In California the trend is more in this direction now than ever before. Lou Rowan, president of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association, was commenting on it just the other day. "If they [Californians] have a precocious colt bred for speed," he said, "they will run him. You had just as well get that money then. But if he gives an indication of going a distance, a lot of experienced horsemen are following Calumet's pattern of waiting." In looking at the over-all national picture, Jimmy Kilroe thinks that possibly one of the reasons California may be producing better horses (aside from the obvious fact that western breeding stock has improved so much in recent years) is that California has an ideal program for a man of patience. "After Hollywood Park and the two big 2-year-old stakes at Del Mar," he observes, "there's nothing much left for them out there, and owners have a perfect chance to wait and let their horses grow and develop before the tough 3-year-old season ahead. By contrast, in the East we have so many attractive 2-year-old fall stakes that there's no telling how many potentially top 3-year-olds are overworked too soon and thereby ruin whatever chance they might have had to turn into top classic contenders."

In the next few weeks the men who have waited long enough will join those who are trying to get the last bit of run out of already overworked young colts and fillies in a series of 2-year-old races with staggering finan-

cial possibilities. After the Belmont Futurity (at 5 1/2 furlongs on September 28) the distance stretches out: the Champagne at a mile, the Garden State and Pimlico Special at a mile and a sixteenth—and, for slightly lesser purses, the Remsen, Breeders Futurity and Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. A colt good enough to win three of these could take home up to \$350,000.

Racing men have argued over the wisdom of trying to stretch a 2-year-old out to these longer distances. The points are good on both sides. Two seasons back the best fall 2-year-old distance runners were Prince John, Needles and Career Boy. Prince John was injured later, but both Needles and Career Boy went on and the next spring finished one-two in the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. But now take last year, and for our example let's use the Garden State, Remsen, Pimlico Futurity (all at a mile and a sixteenth) and the one-mile Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. Of all the colts who finished in the first four positions in these four stakes only two this year have been able to run farther than one mile in creditable fashion. This fact obviously could be merely a combination of circumstances, but it can also stand as a pretty fair testimony to the fact that winning—or even placing—the richest distance races can hardly be an accurate yardstick by which to gauge the following year's form.

CHALLENGE AHEAD

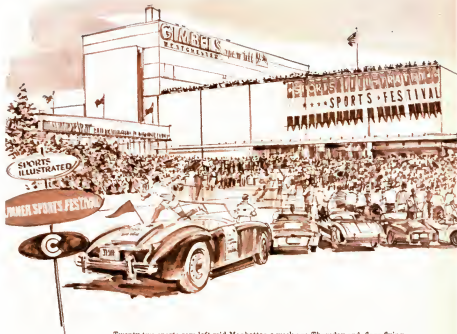
So the major fascination for the keen racegoer this fall should not be so much in envying the earnings of one or two get-rich-quick colts but rather in trying to pick the colt with the ability to win the 1958 classics. The best-bred and costliest products aren't always the best. Llangollen Farm's Rise 'n Shine, the \$87,000 1956 yearling (most expensive yearling ever sold at auction in the U.S.) has yet to show top form. "Although he's got good action," says Eddie Aracero, "you can't tell what he's got inside—where it counts." The overnight heroes are not always the lasting ones: last year Calumet's Barhizon won the richest race in the world and hasn't done a thing since.

But somewhere in the fields going postward during the next few weeks is another crop of Gallant Mans, Iron Legers, Bold Rulers and Round Tables.

To find them could be expensive as well as difficult—but anyway will be a lot of fun.

END

a new setting for sport



Twenty-two sports cars left mid-Manhattan a week ago Thursday and, flags flying, headed for the Cross County Shopping Center in Yonkers — and the fourth of the Sports Festivals *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has presented this summer.

Led by Racing Drivers Paul O'Shea and John Fitch, the caravan carried 33 sports stars to an entirely new setting for sports clinics and exhibitions in the New York area: Cross County's pennant-draped 71 acres, where 70 retailers serve 750,000 people in southern Westchester County.

What happened there, as I think you can see on the following pages, was a remarkable new expression of the excitement, drama, and importance of sport in American living today.

(Continued on following page)



Night and **Day** performances in two sports arenas were major attractions at Cross County Sports Festival. (Above Olympic Medal Winner Bob Clotworthy dives into a specially constructed pool—below, comedy diver Frank Campisi warms up for the afternoon show.)



Thirty-three sports stars, their names a permanent part of the best tradition of American sport* headed the bill at Cross County.

Overhead, 65-foot banners proclaimed the events. Windows were filled with posters, walls covered with pennants. Tens of thousands of enthusiastic spectators overflowed the two sports arenas at the 14 shows, jammed autograph parties, clinics and special demonstrations.

*CROSS COUNTY PARTICIPANTS: Don Budge, Frank Parker, Bertha Raper, George Milon, John Moe, Gladys Harnett, Jimmy Nichols, Vic Ghazal, Marjorie Beasley, Red Grange, Otto Graham, Spahn Glass, Bobby Clotworthy, Steve Krasner, Murr Patrick, Ph. Watson, Bobby Knepp, Dick Steadman, Frank Campisi, Lou Kussner, Fred Perry, Jim Falsenburg, Willie Mays, Jackie Robinson, Ann Marston, Walt Morley, John Fitch, Bud Palmer, Les Kuster, Wilard Marshall, Lou Campi, Charlie Brown, Bonnie Prudden, Paul O'Shea.



Ann Marston, 19-year-old national woman's precision archery champion exhibits the faces that launched a thousand bull's-eyes.



George Mikan, "Mr. Basketball" himself, looms above the crowd in a demonstration of basket skill.

Always the sport stars glitter . . .

Kids couldn't get hits off Bertha Egan, softball champ, even with Johnny Mire as coach.



Tennis great Frank Parker rallies with Don Budge. Scorekeeper: Jinx Falkenburg.



Steve Klismun, "Mr. Universe," lifts more than his weight in bodies.



Bonnie Prudden, Sports Illustrated Cover Girl and Physical Fitness Expert, demonstrates the way to keep fit. Bonnie and her staff also conducted a clinic at Wannamaker's.



Football's Otto Graham shows a line-up of eager beavers how to pass and receive.



a new setting for selling



Of all forces in America today, sport seems to sum up best the tempo, spirit and style of contemporary living. And this probably explains why sport fits right in with America's newest way of shopping, the regional shopping center — as this summer's Sports Festivals have dramatically demonstrated it does.

J. H. S. Phillips Jr.
Publisher

HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Belgium has joined a group of European nations in a drive to outlaw boxing. Do you think boxing will eventually be banned everywhere?*



JACK COFFEY
Fordham University
graduate manager of
athletics

Yes, but it will take many years. In Italy, many bishops and archbishops oppose boxing. In England, where the Marquess of Queensberry dignified the sport, Dr. Edith Summerskill, former Minister of Labor, is sponsoring a bill to ban boxing because she says it is morally reprehensible.



**2ND LIEUT.
MICHAEL MCTIGUE**
U.S. Marine Corps

No. Boxing was a major event in the first Greek Olympics, and it is still an Olympic event. In our own civilization, boxing is one

of the few sporting events which stresses combat between two men. As such, it has great appeal. Many persons in all walks of life like boxing.



**ANDREW A.
VIGLIETTA**
Washington bureau
manager of *Newhouse
Newspapers*

Boxing eventually may be regulated by federal statute and it may be banned in some countries, but

not in the U.S. With TV, it's too profitable a business. I think that boxing is one of the best sports. More effort should be made to develop talent.



CHRIS GUNGOLE
Miami Beach
fight promoter

No. There always will be boxing, as long as men are on earth, because life itself is a battle and we are the fighters. There isn't

too much difference in the competition between two bitter business rivals and two boxers in the ring. In each case, the object is a knockout.



**DOROTHY SKAAR
HANSEN**
Dallas department
store executive

Not in the foreseeable future. College officials who abolished the sport were too squeamish. Boxing is the best antidote to

the psychiatrist. If you go to see stirring boxing bouts—or, better still, do some boxing yourself, you will never need the services of a psychiatrist.



NOWARO K. JONES
Vice-president,
F. & M. Schaefer
Brewing Co.

Boxing will die a natural death because of public indifference. Before TV, the newspapers and radio developed a false impres-

sion of excitement. TV proves that boxing, mostly, is boring to watch. In addition, the fact that boxers are the puppets of cunning operators has soured the public.



NOBUSUKE KISHI
Premier of Japan

No, not in the United States nor in Europe. There is so much interest in boxing by strong groups that it will be impossible to repress it. At first I thought boxing was brutal and I did not like it, but since I have seen some strong matches I have become intensely interested in the sport.



**MAJOR SELMA
HERBERT**
U.S. Army

Practically every college has banned boxing. If the trend continues, boxing could be barred in the U.S.

But I hope not. I used to spar with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and got many a black eye. Boxing gave me my trim figure, and I love the sport. I'd like to see the WAC taught boxing.



MATT PATTERSON
President,
Dodge Division,
Chrysler Corporation

No. The question is not whether boxing is a dangerous or somehow unworthy sport, but whether occasional

flagrant abuses have so corrupted the professional version that it is now past redemption. Properly controlled boxing can go on to recapture its reputation as the sport of the man's man.



**CHARLES L.
PATTERSON**
Assistant,
New York City
Transient Authority

When I see the way boxers walz and stall, I think boxing should be outlawed unless the sport is improved, even

though I think that boxing is the greatest sport a boy can take up. I took lessons from Spider Kelly from 1916 to 1922 at the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

LITTLE LEAGUE: ENLARGE THE GOOD
Sirs:

Your two articles about Little League Baseball (SL, Aug. 19, 26) were excellent in almost every way. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a national publication has presented the subject with accuracy and forthrightness.

The overall good of Little League, and there is much of it, far outweighs the bad, and, unfortunately, there is some of that. We in Little League shall continue to make the good even larger.

HENRY N. JOHNSTON
National Board of Directors
Little League Baseball, Inc.
Long Beach, Calif.

LITTLE LEAGUE: YES
Sirs:

As a mother in the throes of debating whether to let her teen-age son participate in Little League baseball next year, I am particularly thankful for your articles. All in all, I am now inclined to say "yes" where a month ago I would have said "no."

Mrs. ALICE HERKLE
Lockport, Pa.

LITTLE LEAGUE: ADULTS ONLY
Sirs:

The worst drawback of Little League baseball is that it puts the kids' recreation entirely under the close supervision and control of adults, thus ruining the kids' initiative and greatly reducing their enjoyment of the game.

FREDERIC B. CLEVELAND
Evanston, Ill.

THE "HAMBO": INCIDENTALLY...
Sirs:

A hint to you folks regarding the article "The Hambro" *Hats Debauch* by Jeremiah Hay (SL, Aug. 19).

I hereby quote Charles C. Marshall Jr., one of the associate editors of *The Horrore Horse*, a magazine devoted to standardized horses only:

"Incidentally, Jerry Tax's preview of the big race at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was the best ever presented in a mass-circulation magazine." Thought you'd like to know.

RAY W. RUSSELL
Indianapolis

GOLF: WRITER'S WRITER

Sirs:

In spite of the fact that Paul O'Neil told me he knew nothing at all about golf, I think he did a superb job (*Flap in the Front Yard*, SL, Aug. 12). Obviously he is a top-flight craft-man. If you are that, well, then you can write on any subject.

I like his literary style. In fact, I would argue with him over two or three minor points. But that's unimportant. The main thing is that the article was turned out by a man who knows what to do with words.

LOWELL THOMAS
Paxing, N. Y.

GOLF: SONGS MY CADDIE TAUGHT ME
Sirs:

I am fresh from a triumph I can only attribute to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. After read-

ing all of Hogan's lessons (*The Modern Fundamentals of Golf*, SL, March 11, et seq.) I blazed home with an 83 to tie for low net in the annual Sunpapers Golf Tournament. Low gross escaped me only because Hogan forgot to write what I consider a vital chapter: "How, after Sliding into the Woods, Hitting a Tree, and Having Ball Come to Rest on a Root, to Avoid Taking a Triple Buggy." It's nothing personal, mind you. I admire Hogan, and he did take 19 strokes off my game. But if a man's going to write he ought to do a thorough job.

RAY CAKE
Baltimore

• It is for such as Mr. Cake that M-G-M records have grooved the platter without blame.—ED.

MUSIC FOR TIRED GOLFERS



HACKER S. HYNES

TENNIS: THE PUBLIC EYE

Sirs:

Your cover story on Althea Gibson (Sept. 2) helped clear up some serious misunderstandings concerning the top tennis champion of this country.

I think that there was a general feeling of good will toward Althea Gibson after her smashing victory at Wimbledon. However, she created an impression of aloofness and high-handedness when she returned to the States. I realize now that her manner was no doubt a result of shyness and a long-standing inferiority complex, but someone should get it across to her that she is now in the public eye and must show a little warmth and reaction to people who only wish to see her well. Her suspicious nature won't take her far into the hearts of sports fans.

E. W. BENNETT
Cincinnati

BASEBALL: GHOST WRITER

Sirs:

If Heywood Brown had been alive when the new bridge of Horace Stoneham's move to the Pacific Coast (SL, Sept. 2), I, an old New York World reader, can imagine him writing a column that might have started off something like this:

"And there were no Giants any more in the city of New York. There was Willie Mays for a few more thrilling nights in the chill of almost empty grandstands. There were Antinelli on the Polo Grounds turf

and Ing Hank Sauer and the ignited Spencer, and deep in the black of the bench under the shadows of the peak of his cap was Dusty Rhodes."

But for how long can an old master's ghost guide an old reader's writing arm? Only Brown could have finished a column that would have done justice to the epic character of the subject.

ERNEST S. GREEN

Brooklyn

TENNIS: STUDENTS OF THE GAME

Sir:

For some time and with much inquiring among tennis enthusiasts of whom I am one, I've tried to find out the history of tennis scoring. Everyone replies at once, "Oh! tennis started in France," and adds one or two irrelevant remarks, but no one can tell me why "15 30," "deuce," not "even" or "45 all" and then game; why "vantage in or out" Where did it all originate?

LOUISE B. RHODES

Pasadena, Calif.

• Lawn tennis, according to the William M. Fischer Lawn Tennis Library ("... for students of the game"), was originally scored up to 15 points as in rackets. The present odd scoring system was first adopted officially in England in June 1877 and here about 1880, but no one really knows its rationale. The first book on tennis was written in 1555 by the Venetian Antonio Scaino, and in it he reminded that as long as he could recall "each stroke won scored 15 for the winner." The use of the term love to mean zero is a mystery, but as far back as the year 971 "love" was used to mean "nothing." Certainly this usage never did either *favor* or the game any good. Malcolm D. Whitman, tennis historian, wrote that the term "gave the general public an early impression that there was something languorous or lovesick in its form of exercise." —ED.

SHOOTING: LESSONS WANTED

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Pete Rademacher, SI, Aug. 19 very much. But much more interesting to me was the paragraph about Lucky McDonald.

Being a very amateur marksman, I would welcome a lesson in shooting both the rifle and the pistol from the hips.

ROBERT V. RICH

Dallas-Ft. Worth, Tex.

Sir:

I have been somewhat of a marksman for several years and seem to hold my own in these parts, but man—how do I find this fellow, I want a lesson. I'm serious, please let me know.

J. B. ASHROFT III

San Benito, Texas

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PAT ON THE BACK



CHRIS VON SALTZA

This sturdy Californian of 13, basking in the proud smile and encircling arm of her father, is a record-breaker who gives sweet promise of U.S. success in the 1960 Olympics in Rome. Despite her youth, she has shown incredible strength, winning the 220-yard backstroke at the National AAU meet in Houston with the American record-breaking time of 2:40.2 and taking the 100-meter backstroke in the Far Western Swimming Championships with a new U.S. record of 1:13.4. Twice in the last

month she finished second to 18-year-old Lorraine Crapp, the Australian world and Olympic titleholder, and she broke several American records at the same time. Chris's father, Dr. John von Saltza, was a swimmer at Stanford University in the '30s. Understandably proud of her, he strictly keeps "hands off" her training. "I believe in leaving coaching to the coaches. If more parents would refrain from interfering with professionals whose job it is to do the training, their children would get a lot more out of competitive sports." Chris swims with the Santa Clara Swim Club, coached by their trainer George Haines.

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